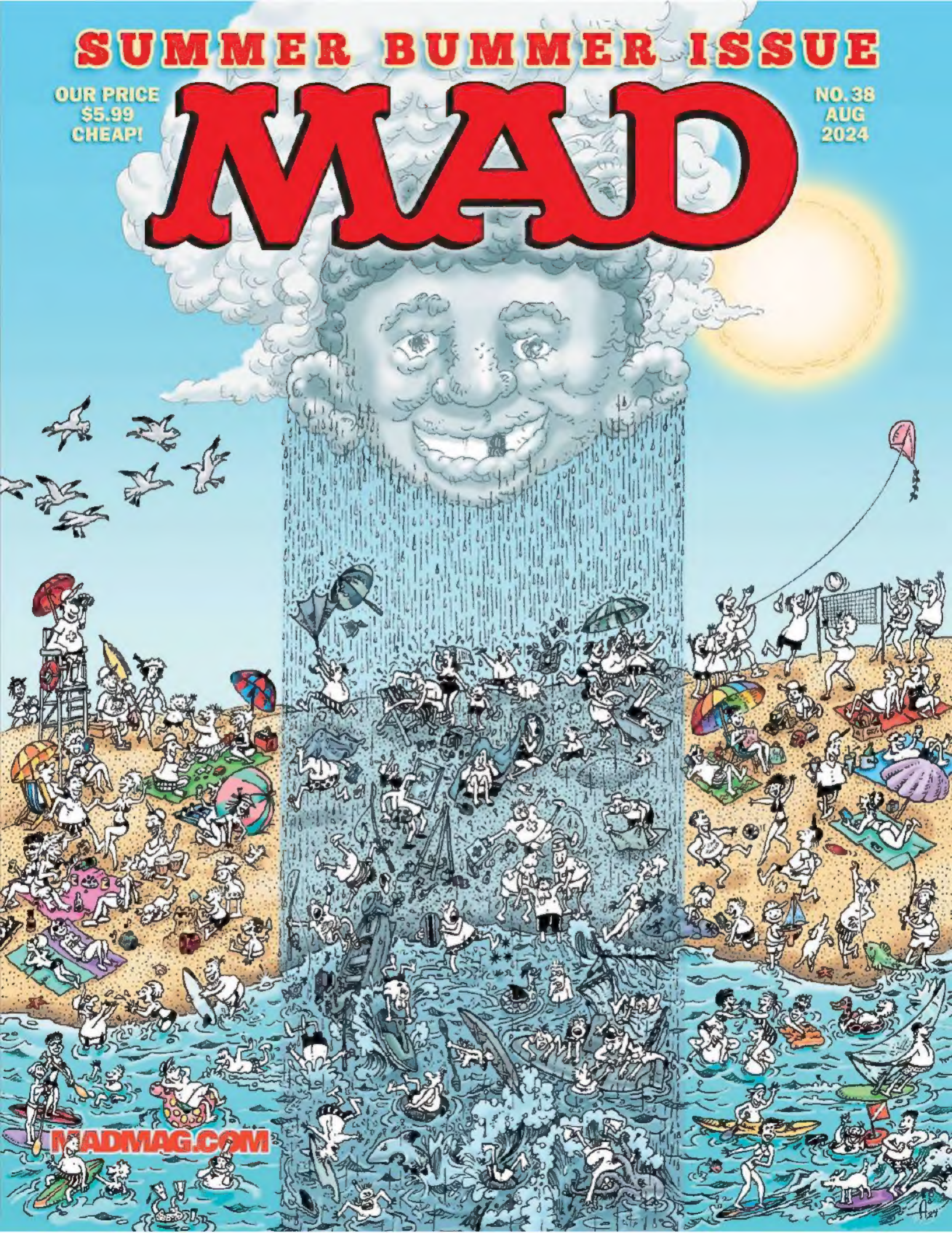


SUMMER BUMMER ISSUE

OUR PRICE
\$5.99
CHEAP!

NO. 38
AUG
2024

MAD



YOU'LL GET A **CHARGE** OUT OF THIS



Norman Mingo

ISSUE OF...

MAD

NO. 38

AUGUST 2024

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR



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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Sergio Aragonés
COVER CONCEPT Al Jaffee

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



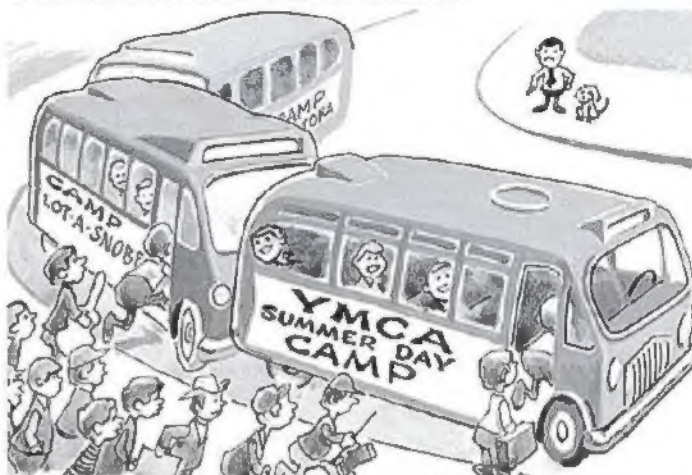
You Know IT'S REALLY

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the TV Networks start telling you how much better the new Fall Shows will be than the lousy re-runs you're watching now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you discover you're the only kid around who isn't rich enough or under-privileged enough to go to camp.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you use up your savings for your own vacation to feed the relatives who came to visit you on their vacation.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... school has been out just long enough for you to glumly start counting the weeks until the day you have to go back.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... your Secretary stops taking long weekends off to go skiing, and starts taking long weekends off to go surfing.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



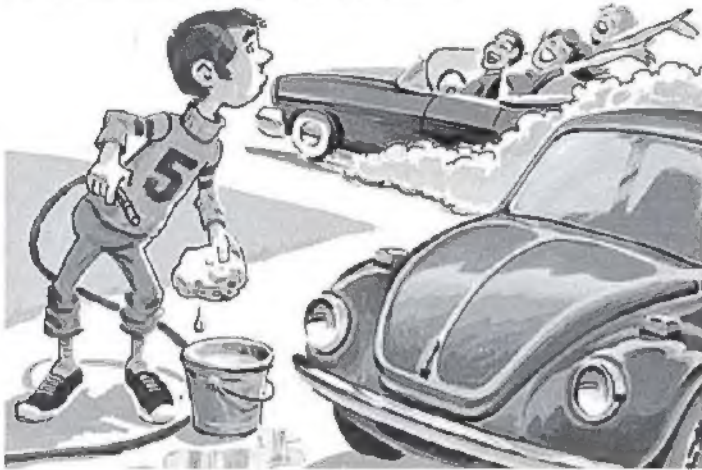
... the post season basketball play-off games are almost over, and the pre-season football games have just begun.



SUMMER When...

WRITER **TOM KOCH**
ARTIST **JACK RICKARD**

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you feel a sudden pang of regret that you didn't spend \$2,000 more and get a convertible.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



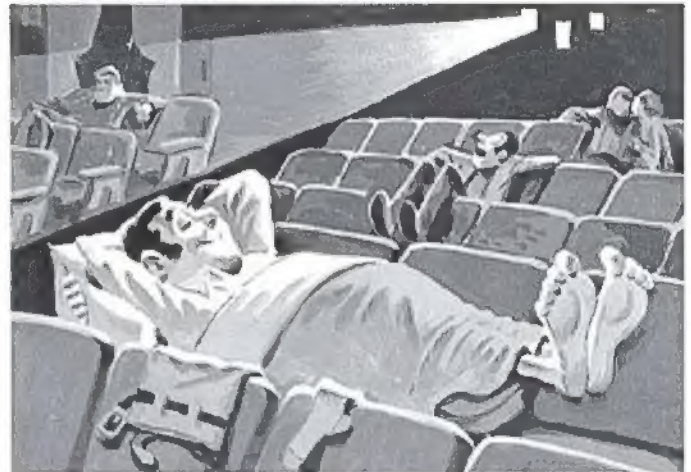
... the season's first lightning bug appears, setting off the season's first stampede of kids with jars trying to catch it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you're sent off to visit Grandma and Grandpa for a month, and you begin wondering what you did to deserve it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you gladly pay to get into an Annette Funicello Film Festival just because the theater is air-conditioned.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... an uneasy tension begins to spread every time the ice cream truck is five minutes late.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you first notice that sometime during the "Heavy Coat Season," the little girl across the street grew up to be a—gulp—big girl.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... daylight lasts long enough for kids on roller skates to continue driving you crazy all evening now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... flowers you planted in April start blooming, and you discover you're allergic to all of them.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the time arrives once again for you to go to the "Annual Company Picnic" and make a fool of yourself.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you can't get a call through to the air conditioner repairman.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... your next door neighbor returns your snow shovel and borrows your lawn mower.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you suddenly find out how few people pay attention to deodorant commercials.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the Major League Baseball season is far enough along for the last-place teams to start firing their Managers.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

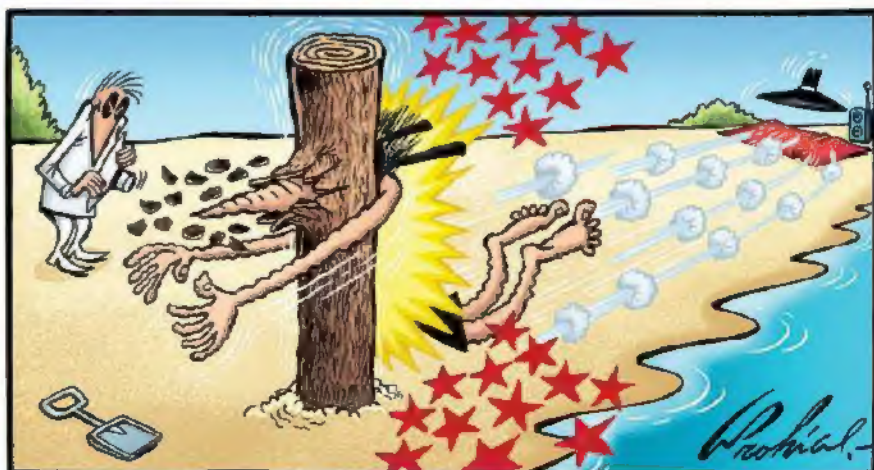
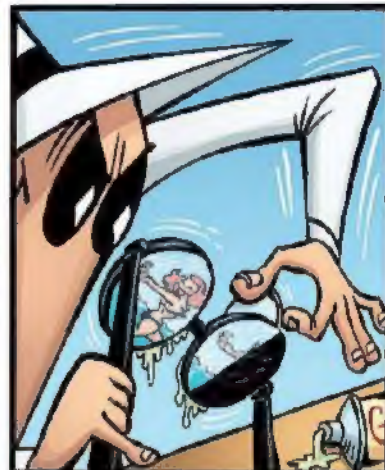


... you feel obligated to drink nine glasses of luke warm Kool-Ade on your way home from the bus stop.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



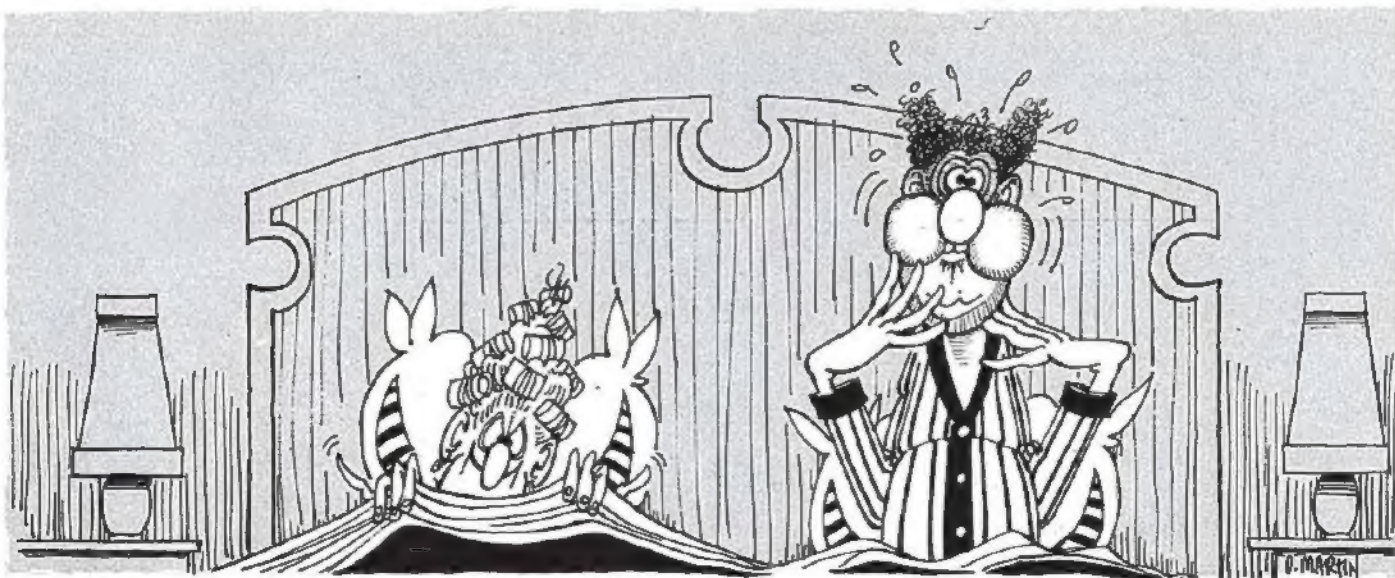
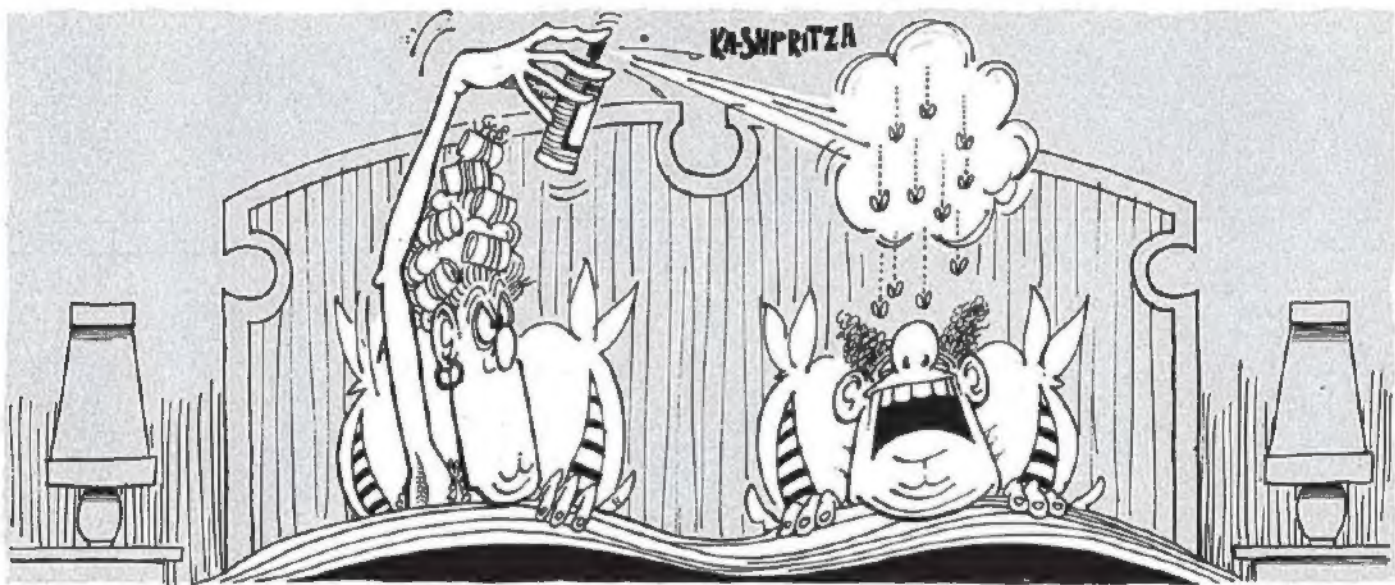
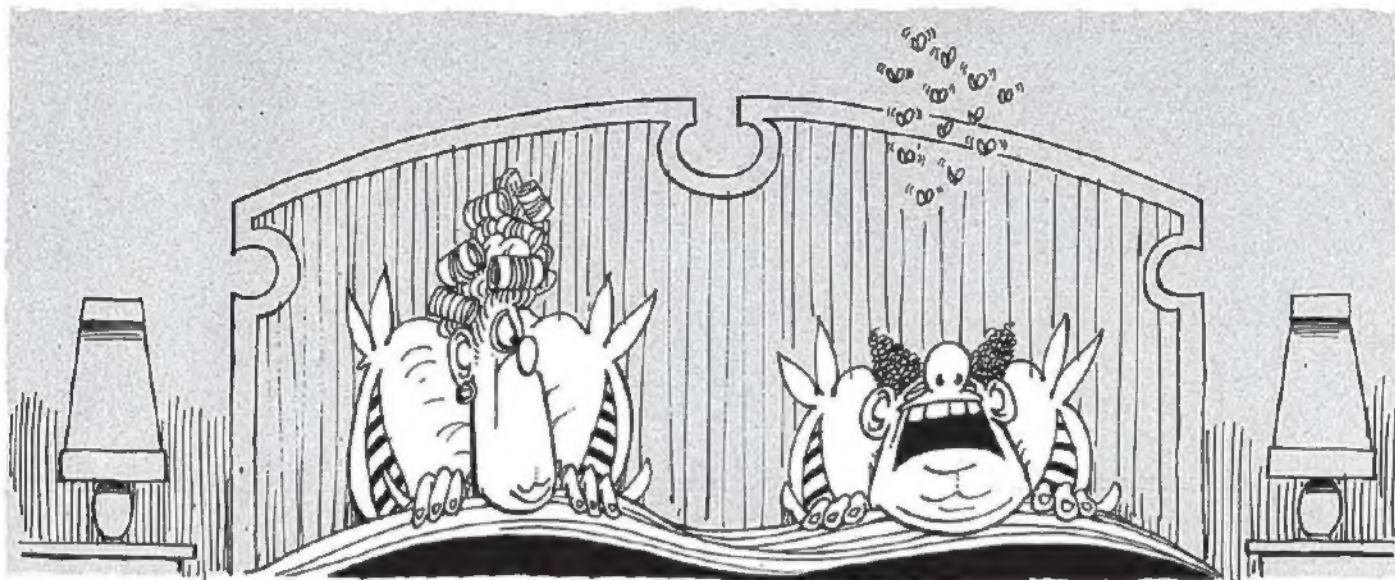
... your yearly prediction that girl's swim suits can't possibly get any more revealing is proved wrong once again.



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #146, OCT 1971



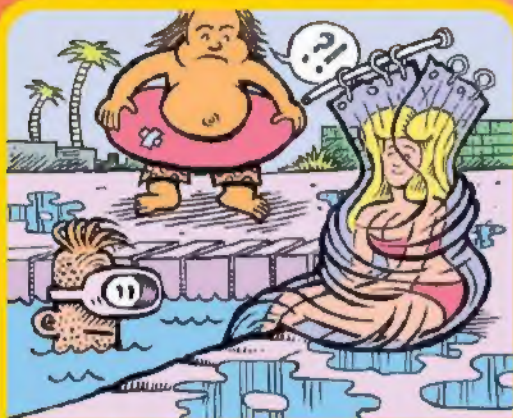
ONE HOT SUMMER MORNING



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #144, JUL. 1971

You're slathered in sunscreen, the cat has free reign of the house, and the car's as loaded as Mommy. If you hope to thrive (read: stay alive) on this family trip, read this nifty how-to from the humor magazine you most associate with vacations:

~~NATIONAL LAMPOON'S~~ MAD's How to Stay Safe on Summer Vacation!



Use Protection in the Pool

Don't even think about taking a dip without slipping into your makeshift sterile body condom. You'll thank us later.



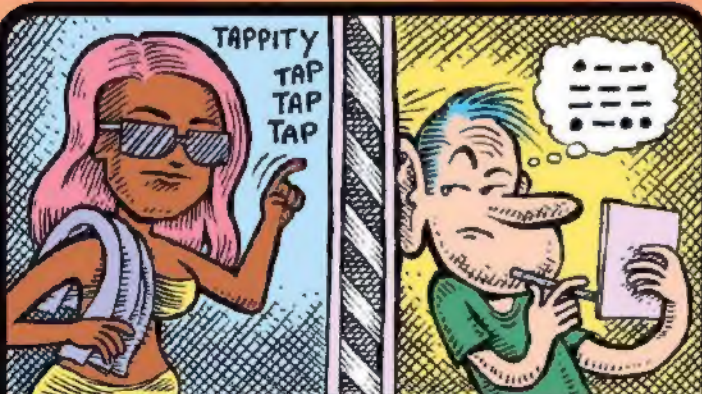
Shower Fully Dressed

There are thousands of reports of hidden cameras in hotel bathroom walls. If you end up on YouTube, it's better to get caught in a wet business suit than your birthday suit.



Disguise Your iPhone

Keep crooks at bay by making your iPhone look like an outdated piece of crap!



Don't Use the Hotel Wi-Fi

Don't let hackers steal your identity! Get adjoining rooms with your friends, learn Morse code, and tap "meet me by the pool" on the walls.



Make Your Luggage Identifiable

A cute ribbon tied to your suitcase won't stop luggage thieves. With just a little imagination (and a lot of magic markers), you can make sure no one goes near it!



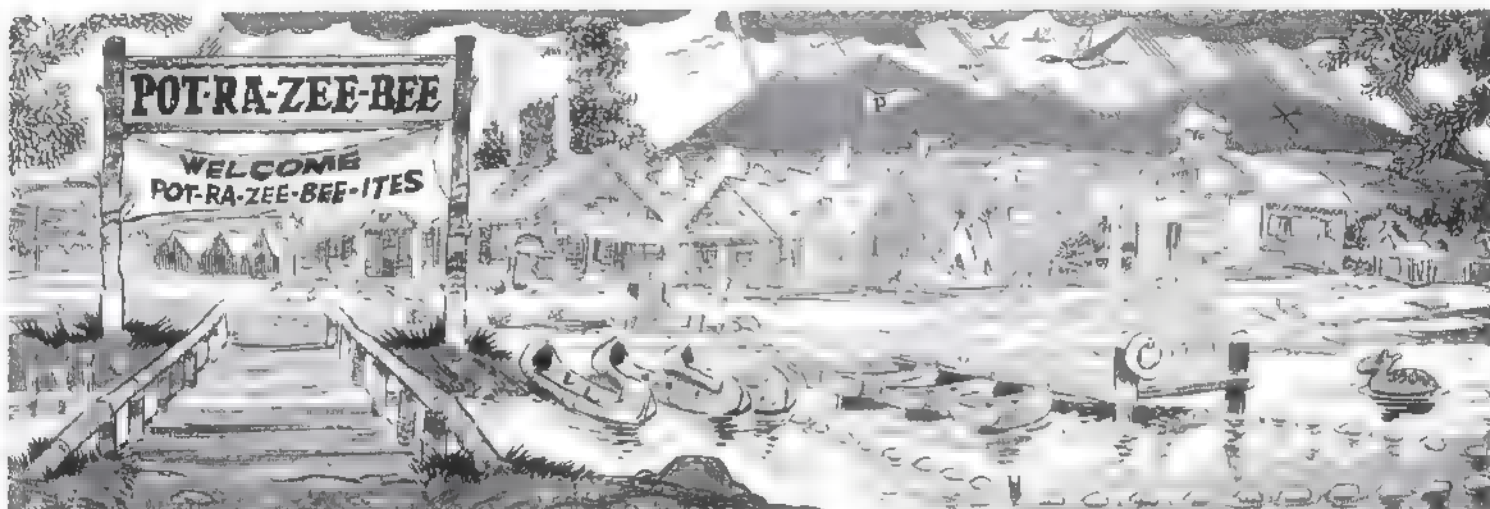


EVERY SUMMER VACATION, MILLIONS OF AMERICAN KIDS JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO DEVELOP SELF-RELIANCE, COMMUNE WITH NATURE, GROW STRONG AND HEALTHY, LEARN TO SOCIALIZE, AND WRESTLE WITH THE PROBLEMS OF GROWING UP. BUT MAINLY, THEY JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM THEIR NAGGING PARENTS FOR TWO WHOLE MONTHS . . . BY ESCAPING TO . . .

CAMP

WRITER AL FELDSTEIN

ARTIST JACK DAVIS



IN LATE JUNE, CAMP POT-RA-ZEE-BEE stands freshly painted and repaired, newly equipped, trim and neat . . . awaiting arrival of swarm of eager summer campers. Goodness, another sunstroke season is almost here!

TYPICAL GOING-AWAY SCENE

at railroad station on first day of camp season with parents crying and carrying on as they tearfully give last minute instructions like "Don't forget to change your socks!"; "Don't forget to wash behind your ears!"; "Don't forget to eat!" and "Don't forget to come home!" Note touching concern over parent's anguish the kids display by completely ignoring them in order to greet old friends, compare equipment, blaze trails, build fires, and generally turn station into a shambles. Yessireeboy, the fun has started already!

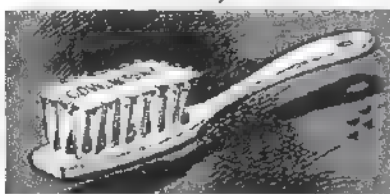


SEWING ON NAME-TAPES IS MAIN PART OF CAMP SEASON'S PREPARATION

Everything gets a name-tape (see below)

PRIOR TO SEASON parents of camp-goer rush around buying required clothing and equipment. Then comes big job of sewing on name-tapes. Everybody in family is put to work sewing on name-tapes. Mama, Papa, Sister . . . even dog, Irving, sews on name-tapes Couple in formal dress (right, rear) are strangers who only stopped by to ask directions. By George, nobody gets away!

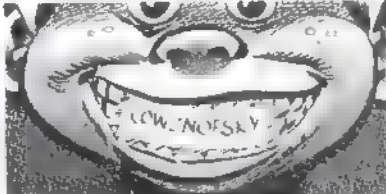
Name-tape neatly sewn on Melvin Cowznofsky's tooth-brush.



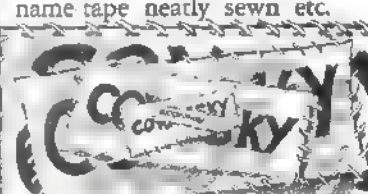
Name-tape neatly sewn on Melvin Cowznofsky's tooth-paste



Name tape neatly sewn on Melvin Cowznofsky's teeth .



Name-tape neatly sewn on a name-tape neatly sewn on a name tape neatly sewn etc.



CAMP ACTIVITIES BUILD SOUND MINDS AND HEALTHY BODIES

NATURE STUDY



CAMPER COWZNOFSKY joins outdoors study group using powerful field glasses to learn vital facts of Nature by observing migratory birds in trees overhead, odd animals in woods near by, and strange goings-on at resort hotel across lake. (Yessireeboy, there's plenty vital facts of Nature to be learned that way.)

OUT-OF-DOORS LIVING



CAMPER COWZNOFSKY expresses wonderment upon awakening after spending night under stars. Wonderment is result of hearing dawn stirrings and feeling damp dew, but mainly, wonderment is result of recalling he went to sleep in bunkhouse night before. (By George, those practical jokers again!)

ARTS AND CRAFTS



OPPORTUNITY TO DEVELOP manual dexterity is offered campers by program of arts and crafts. Here, Melvin Cowznofsky proudly displays season project: leather wallet for father, equal in quality to those selling in stores for \$2.50. Actual cost of wallet to Melvin's father, figuring in Melvin's camp fee: \$175.00.

WATER SPORTS



SWIMMING AND WATER SAFETY is taught POT-RA-ZEE-BEE campers by use of "buddy" system. When life-guard blows whistle and yells "buddies!", everybody must splash around and pair up with preassigned companion. (Obviously camper Cowznofsky, searching vainly for drowned "buddy", has not yet learned water safety.)

DRAMATICS



SELF-EXPRESSION is learned by campers through participation in dramatics program. Here, Melvin Cowznofsky stages hysterical emotional scene to impress fellow-campers. Hysterical emotional scene being staged mainly because they refused Melvin part in camp play.

TYPICAL HOME-COMING SCENE

at railroad station on last day of camp season with parents crying and carrying on as they tearfully greet their children with such admonitions as, "Did you change your socks?"; "Did you wash behind your ears?"; "Did you eat?"; and "Did you *have* to come home?". Touching concern kids are displaying is sadness over realization that they must say goodbye to summer camping companions, sadness over realization that they must say farewell to summer joys, but mainly sadness over realization that they face long hard winter with same old nagging parents.

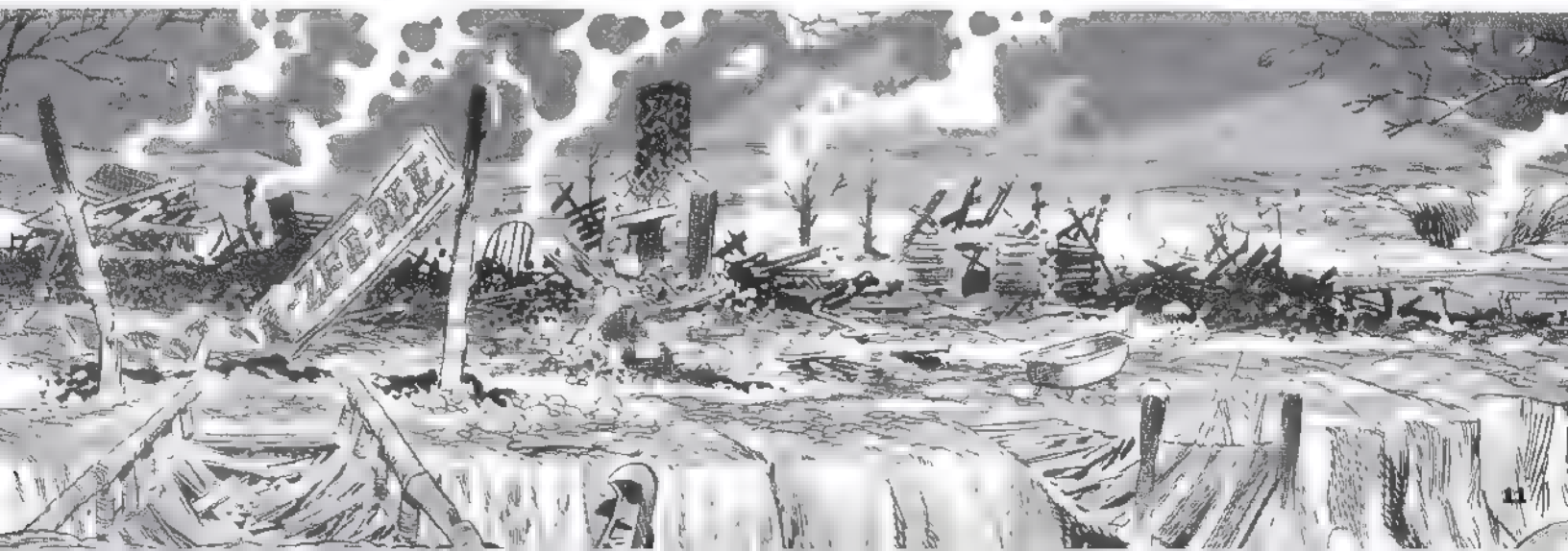
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #29, SEP. 1956



**CAMPER COWZNOFSKY AFTER
SUMMER OF SOUND MIND &
HEALTHY BODY-BUILDING . . .**



IN EARLY SEPTEMBER, CAMP POT-RA-ZEE-BEE stands paint-peeled, its equipment destroyed, a total wreck...deserted by homeward-bound swarm of eager summer campers. Thank goodness, another hurricane season is over!



DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

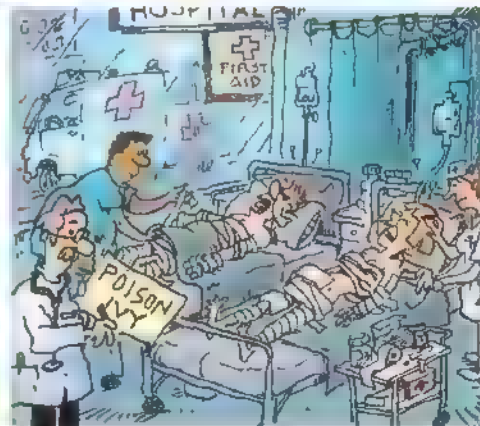
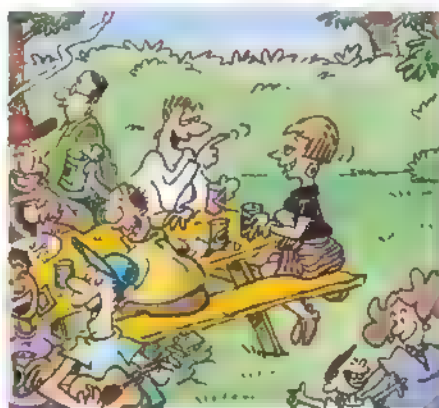
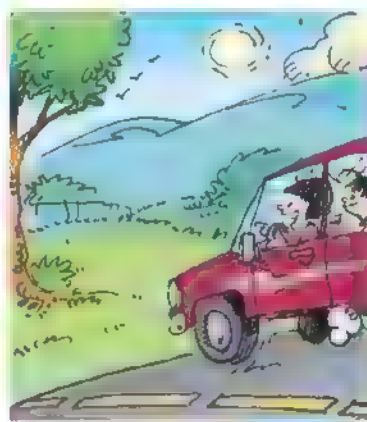


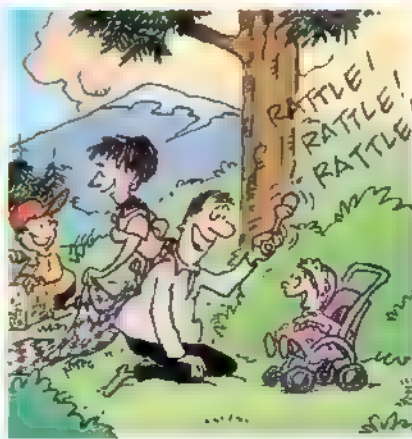
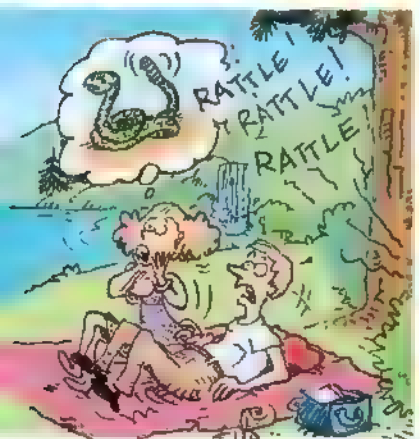
BY
SERGIO ARAGONES

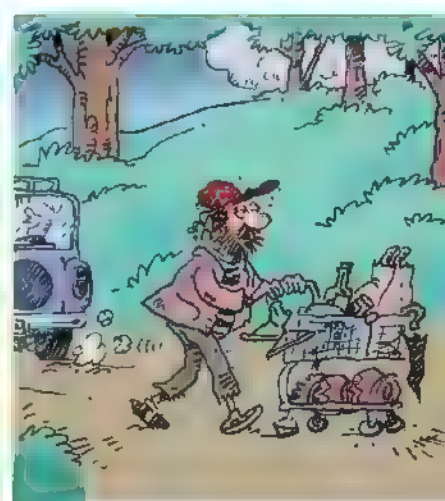
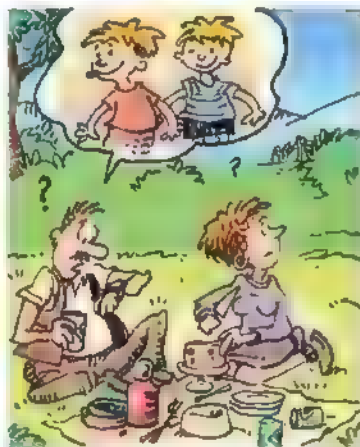


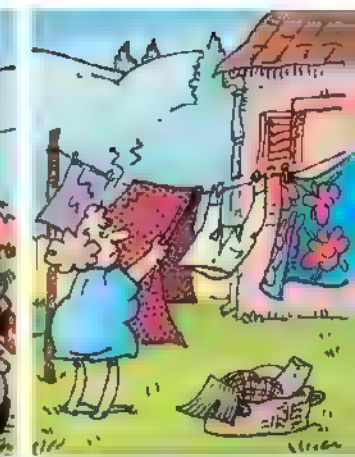


Sergio Aragones Presents A MAD LOOK AT PICNICS









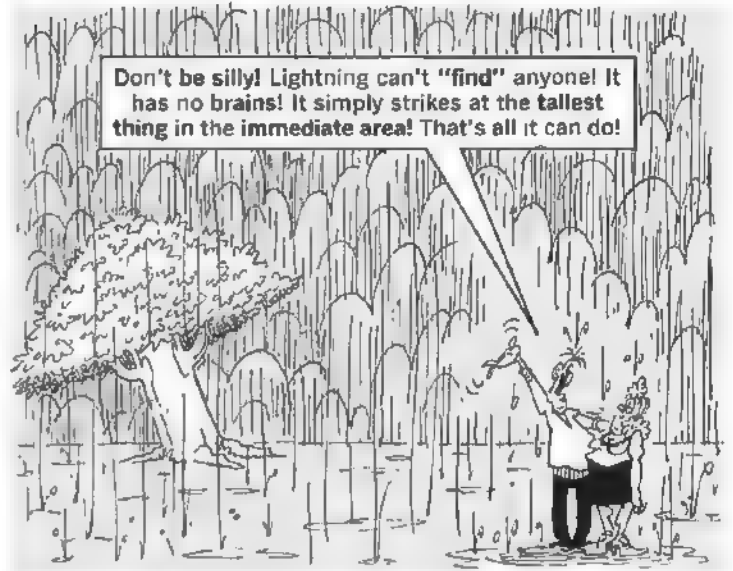
OR GRALLYP, BLISHED N MAD #3 OCT 2018



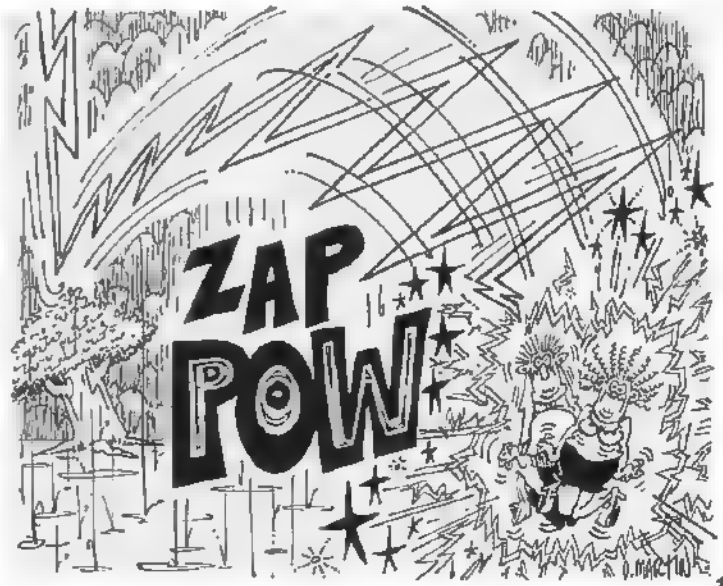
FRAGONES



DURING A SUMMER SHOWER



WRITER & ARTIST DON MARTIN





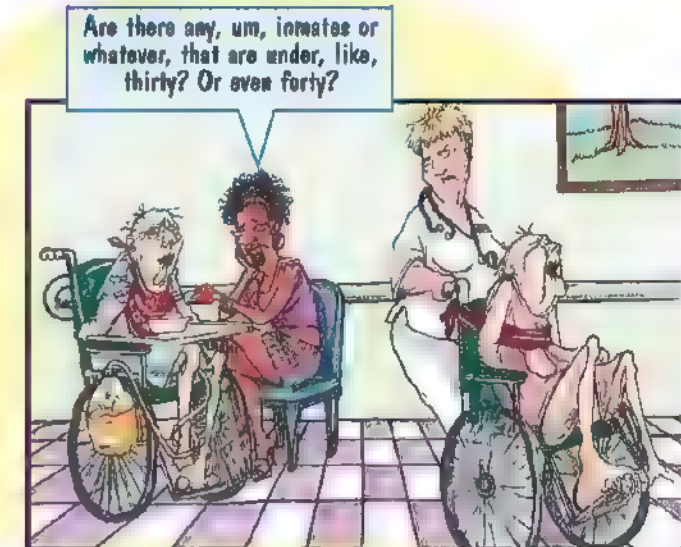
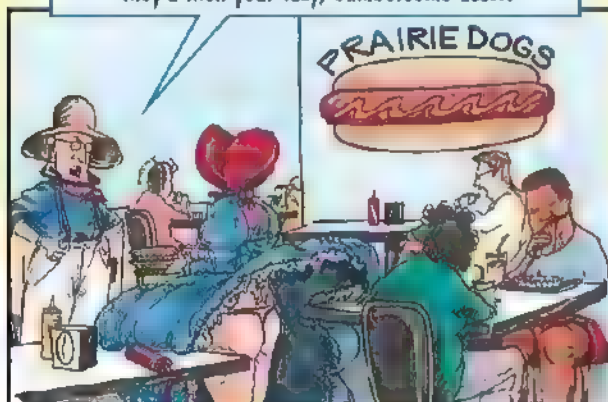
Summer means just one thing! Complete, constant freedom... for about a day or so. Then, if you want to actually do anything, you'll need a job to pay for it! But just because you've got to work, that doesn't mean you have to take the first job that comes along! Before you agree to put on that hairnet and plastic smock, here are some...

THINGS TO CONSIDER BEFORE

What are the hook-up possibilities?

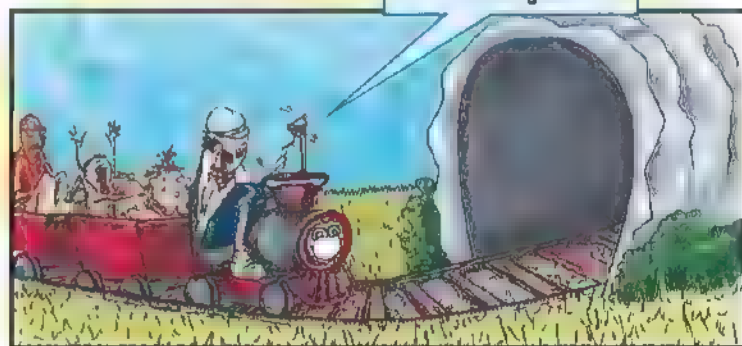
How lame are the uniforms?

Cumbersome?!? Your dress is too cumbersome! Maybe you should take a minute — off the clock — and think about the REAL pioneer women and how they'd kick your lazy, cumbersome ass!!!



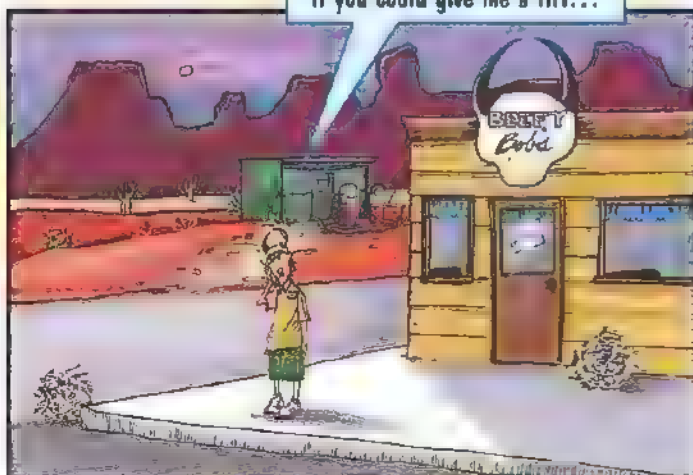
Is there cell phone reception?

Hold on — we're going through the freakin' tunnel again!



Will you be able to get there and back?

Hi, Mrs. Norbert? Um, this is Bradley Kwirk — 'member, from Webelos a few years ago?...Well, I was wondering if you could give me a lift...



Are the fringe benefits cool or sucky?

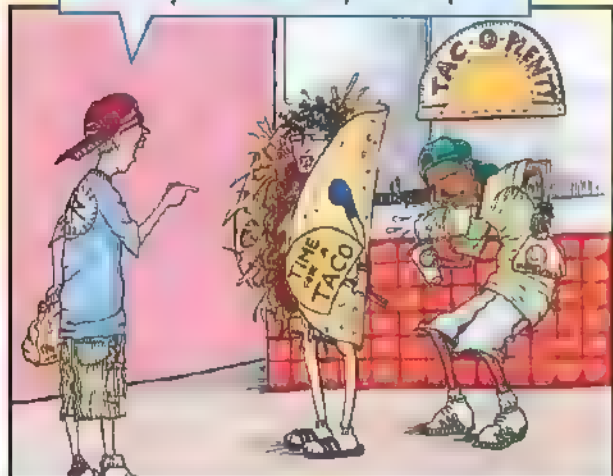
...and at the end of the season, you fellas get to keep all the stained tablecloths!!



ACCEPTING A SUMMER JOB

What's the humiliation factor?

Abby Smeadnoff? I haven't seen you since A.P. Physicals! What have you been up to?



Will there be a lingering smell?



I'm breaking up with you because you stink of Bloomin' Onion every second.

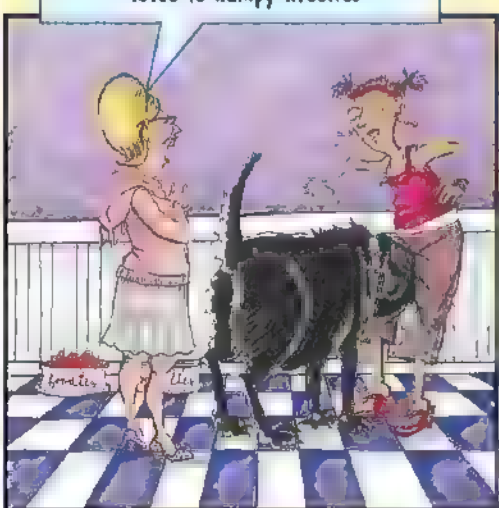
Do you get to operate cool machines?

Sorry, Mr. Tibbutts, I didn't mean to give you another 'Nam freak-out...I was just seeing how this baby handles a cup of pennies.



Would you be happier just being broke?

So, if it's a loosay bowel, Marsha needs a Freshens wipe, but if she's straining to go, you might have to coax her digitally — oh, and she loves to humpy wrestle!



Will you end up with a good reference?

Well, Josh, I wasn't able to contact a "Mr. Smith"...apparently "Lawnmower Dudes" is no longer in business and he won't be up for parole for another six months.



Well, there was that old lady whose car I washed...oh wait — she's dead...



There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die... in every horrible way possible, which includes being...

J A

Well, here we are... a bunch of teenagers enjoying a typical Summer night in the typical seaside community of Vomity, Long Island!

It sure is fun sitting on a cool beach, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Yeah, but the first thing you know... it'll be September and we'll be back in school, and our whole lives'll change!

Yeah! What a drag... sittin' in a hot classroom, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Maybe you're having fun... but I'm bored! Doesn't anything different happen on this beach?

Look at Freddy and Brenda... running to go swimming nude and then make out in the water!

Like I said, ... doesn't anything DIFFERENT happen on this beach?!

What's that strange THING out there?!

Yeah... and listen to that rich, melodic background music...!

Oh, my God, it's horrible! HORRIBLE!

That strange thing out there...?

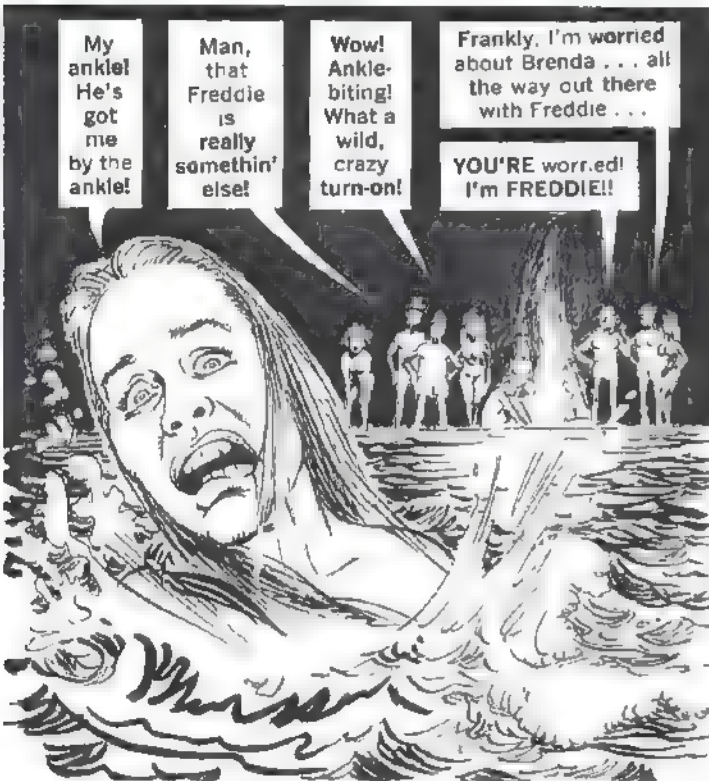
No—melodic music! I never heard music with a melody before! Quick! Someone turn up that Rock number before I go crazy!



AWW'D



WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST MORT DRUCKER



My ankle! He's got me by the ankle!

Man, that Freddie is really somethin' else!

Wow! Ankle-biting! What a wild, crazy turn-on!

Frankly, I'm worried about Brenda . . . all the way out there with Freddie . . .

YOU'RE worr.ed! I'm FREDDIE!!

What do we know about this reported missing person . . . ?

Is it a boy or a girl?

Look! Nowadays that description is no proof one way or the other!

I got NEWS for you! Nowadays, THAT's no proof either!

The description I got, Chief, was that it's a teenager . . . shoulder-length hair, wearing earrings . . .

Aw — c'mon now, Chief!

We KNOW it's a girl, Chief! When she was last seen, she was NAKED!



What do you think could have happened to her, Chief?

I hate to say it, but if you've been around here as long as I have, you've seen those hideous, ugly monsters . . . attacking everything in sight . . .

I know! I've been in the halls of the High School!

And then again, if we're lucky, maybe it was only a SHARK!

I . . . choke . . . I found something . . . Chief!!

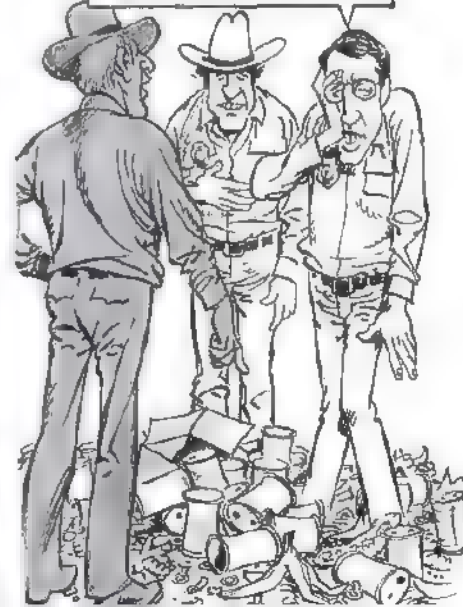
Is it—what—you thought it was??

Ugh . . . ecch . . . it's what I thought it was . . . all right!!

Listen to me! Get hold of yourself! You're a Police Officer! You can stand up to anything, even the remains of a body after a shark gets through with it!

Oh, yeah? How about the typical garbage left behind by the slobs after an all night beach party??

Oh, God! Anything but that!



Uggh! Melon rinds and banana peels!

Blaah! Anchovy pizza scraps and scungilli!

Pyuch! Peanut butter sandwiches and —

What do you think you're doing, Chief Brooding?!!

The remains of a girl were found, Mayor Vault! She must have been eaten by a shark! We can't allow any people in the water!

Are you insane?! Close our beaches with July 4th a week away?! That's when we do all our business around here! Forget about that shark and take down that sign!

Forget about it?! Do you realize what horror you may be subjecting people to on this beach? Have you no conscience? Particularly on Independence Day, when Americans celebrate their precious, hard-earned freedom by blowing off their arms and legs with fire-crackers, and driving drunkenly down our nation's highways...

Come to think of it, I guess I'll take down the sign!



How come we're all enjoying ourselves, and the Chief of Police has to work?

They say a mysterious thing is endangering the beach, and he's protecting all of us!

It must be tough looking through those glasses hours on end!

What dedication! I'm sure that whatever he's looking for, he's going to GET it!



Well, Schmendricks, so far... so good!

That's great! No sign of the shark?

No sign of her Husband!



What happened?

All of a sudden I heard this rich melodic music, and then this kid started screaming and... ugh... it was just awful...!

Yecch! All that blood and gore and torn limbs! You know what this means, don't you, Chief...?

Right! There goes the picture's "G" rating! But a "PG" will still pull in the kids...!

What about that line in the ads that says, "May Be Too Intense For Younger Children"? Won't that hurt us?

Are you kidding?! That's like trying to scare ants away from a picnic by pouring sugar on the ground!

I've called this meeting of you key townspeople because there is a silly rumor going around that an alleged shark has allegedly killed two alleged people! We will now have the Coroner's report! Er... where is the Coroner?

He's dead!

WHAT?! How did it happen?

The alleged shark bit off his alleged head! Also his alleged arms and legs...





Very well! The meeting is open to suggestions! Would anyone like to speak...?

AAARRRGH!

SHRIEK!

YEOW!

Does Captain Squint always do disgusting things like that for attention?

No... he usually just belches!

SCREEEEEC

Now, listen to me, Matey... and listen good! I'm the **only** Sea Captain around here who can **CATCH** that mother, and you know it! But it's gonna cost you ten thousand dollars!

Take it... or leave it! And the more you wait, the more it's gonna cost you! And if you don't like my offer, you and this whole ☆@!@*@ town can go #*!@&@*!!

We'll think about it, Captain Squint!

Does he actually make a living as a Sea Captain?

Not really! He moonlights on the side!

What's his other job?

He works for The Welcome Wagon!

We're in trouble, Schmendricks! The Mayor is still not sold on the shark story, and I'm not sure I trust Squint! Isn't there **ANYONE** who can help us?!

Hi, there! I'd like to help! My name is Clod Hopper, and I'm a brilliant young Scientist! I know **ALL ABOUT** sharks! God, but they're beautiful creatures! Do you know that I once made **LOVE** to a shark?! I mean... this one really turned me on, and—

What?!? How could **ANYONE** make love to a shark!!

Very carefully!

Hmmm! I notice—as I scientifically examine the remains of this victim—that the thorax and the upper anatomy in general, particularly the sternum and scapula, have been **severely traumatized**, and that the metatarsal bones on the severed foot that I hold in my hand have been **nearly obliterated**...

Uh-huh... Uh-huh... quite interesting! Now... after assimilating all this, there is one thing I'd like to say as a Scholar... and as a Scientist...

What's that...?

YEECCCH!

Great news, Chief!
My kid and I caught
the shark, so your
troubles are over!

Very simple! My kid has this old
kite string, see? Well, sir... I
bent this safety pin around the
string and tossed it into the—

Sure, providing
you use the
right bait...!

Incredible! How did
you and your kid
ever manage to land
a fish this size?

Wait a minute! You expect me to
believe that anybody using a
safety pin and some old kite
string could catch a shark?!

And
what did
YOU
use for
bait?

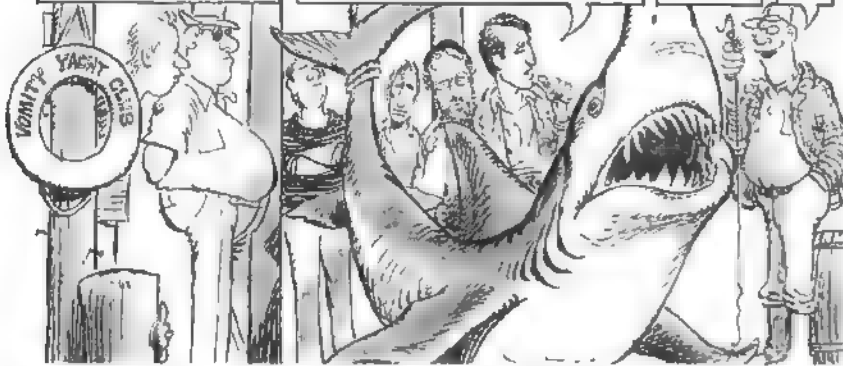
My
kid!

I'm not sure this is
the shark we're after!
The only way to know
for sure is to cut him
open and look for clues
inside! Don't worry! I
know what I'm doing!
I've been around fish
all my life...

You know,
you remind
me of a
surgeon!

You mean
SURGEON!
I cut like
a surgeon!

You may
CUT
like a
surgeon,
but
you
SMELL
like a
surgeon!



An-hah! Just as thought!
This shark doesn't eat
people! It eats **JUNK!** Look
at this! An old lawn mower,
a pair of orthopedic shoes,
a 1959 Edsel, a crate of
watermelons and 500,000
copies of Reader's Digest!

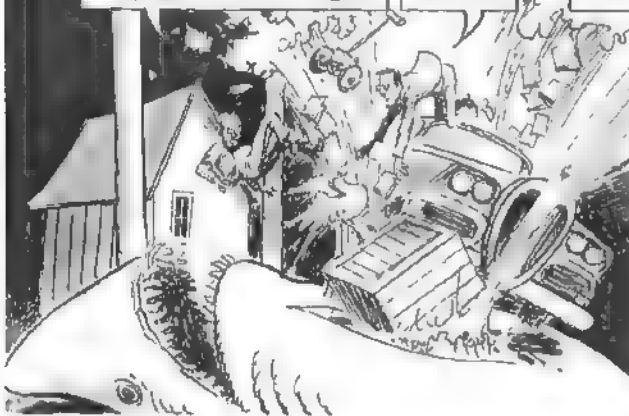
Sew him
up fast!
I feel
like we
just
operated
on Euell
Gibbons!

Mayor Vault! I've
got proof that the
dead shark is **NOT**
the one we're after!
The killer is **STILL**
OUT THERE! We've
got to close the
beaches... **NOW!!**

Not on your life! This
is July 4th! But don't
worry! They're going to
set up an impregnable
barrier in the water
that no shark will ever
be able to penetrate!

It won't work!
He's too smart!
He'll slip
past the gun
boats! He'll
sneak by the
helicopters!

I **KNOW** that! I'm
talking about the
NATURAL barrier:
that wall of typical
holiday refuse and
garbage... thrown
into the water by
50,000 beachgoers!



ARRRRRGHHH!

YECCCH!

CHOKES!

UGH!

Well...
Mayor?!?
Still
MORE
deaths!
Are you
satisfied
now?!?

Okay, Chief!
You win! I'll
pay Squint
what he wants!
Go out there
with him and
GET THAT
SHARK!!

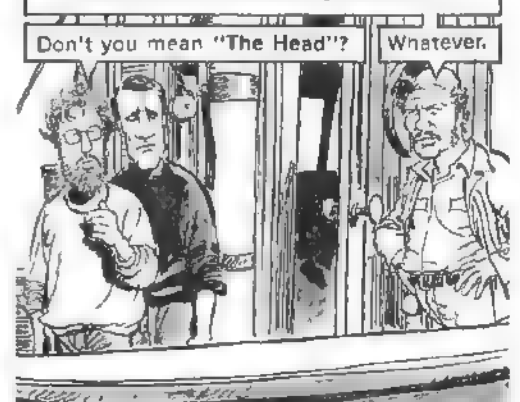
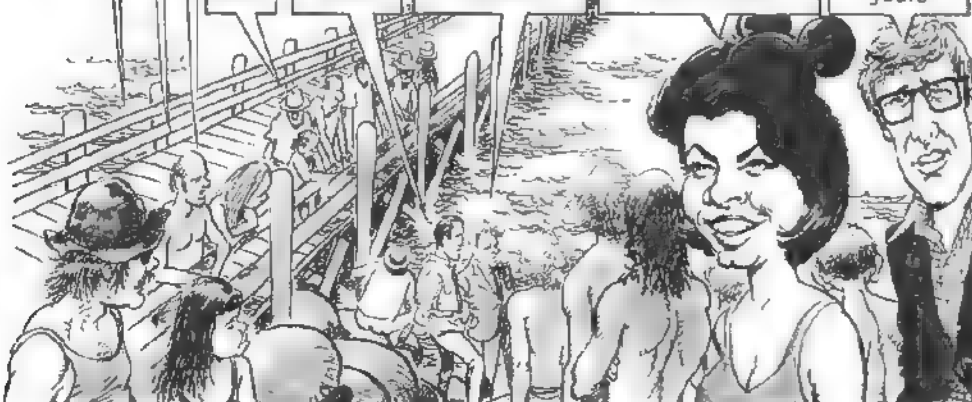
Golly, all this
blood and torn
bodies and killer
sharks! They sure
don't make "Beach
Pictures" the
way I made them
in the '60's!

That's true,
Annette!
But **THIS**
one is
ALMOST as
nauseating
as one of
yours!

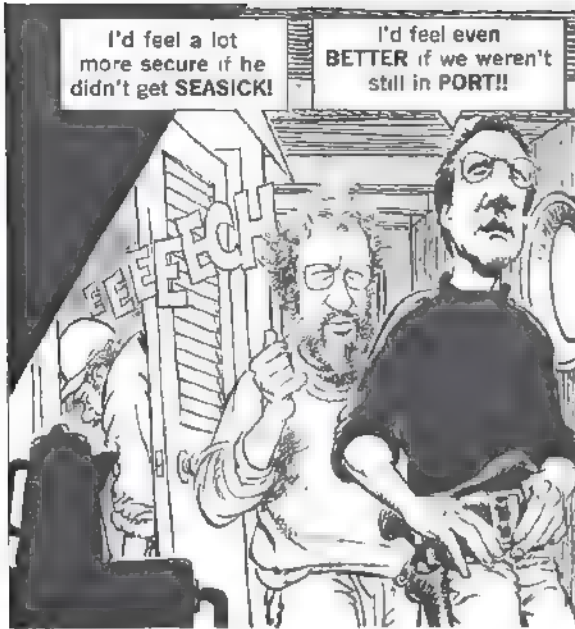
Now hear this, Mates! I'm the Captain of
this @#\$%& boat, and what I say **GOES!**
I've been a sailor, man and boy, for forty
years! I know every inch of this ocean and
every nook and cranny of this boat! I know
the sound and the smell and the language
of the sea! And now, if you'll excuse me,
I gotta go to The Little Boy's Room...

Don't you mean "The Head"?

Whatever.

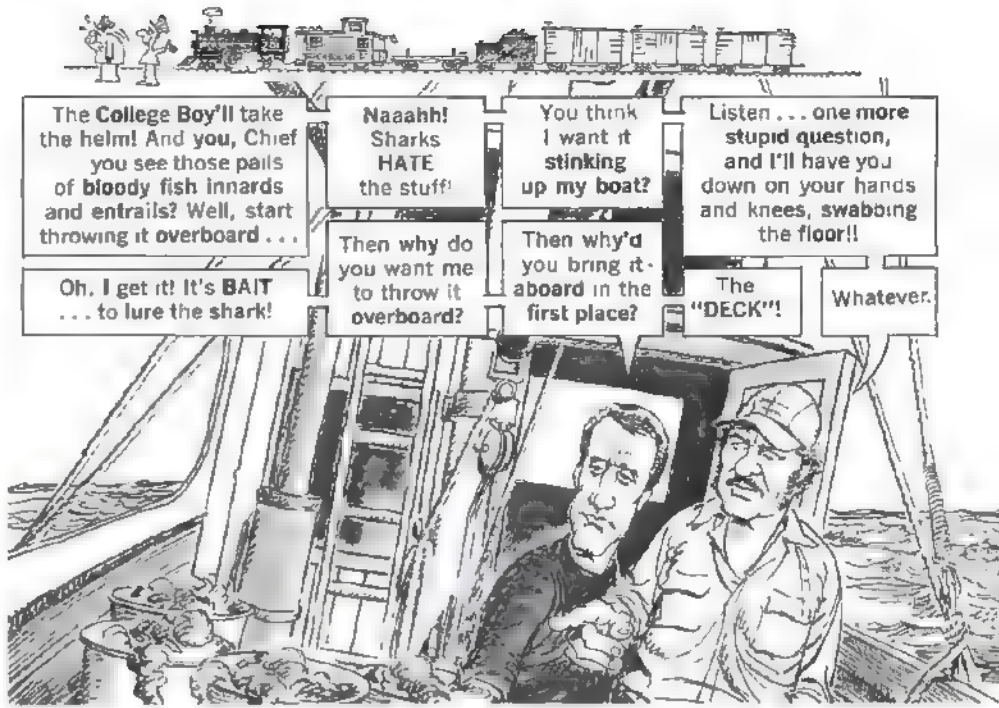


DRINK COCA



I'd feel a lot more secure if he didn't get SEASICK!

I'd feel even **BETTER** if we weren't still in **PORT**!!



The College Boy'll take the helm! And you, Chief you see those pails of bloody fish innards and entrails? Well, start throwing it overboard ...

Oh, I get it! It's **BAIT** ... to lure the shark!

Naaahh! Sharks **HATE** the stuff!

Then why do you want me to throw it overboard?

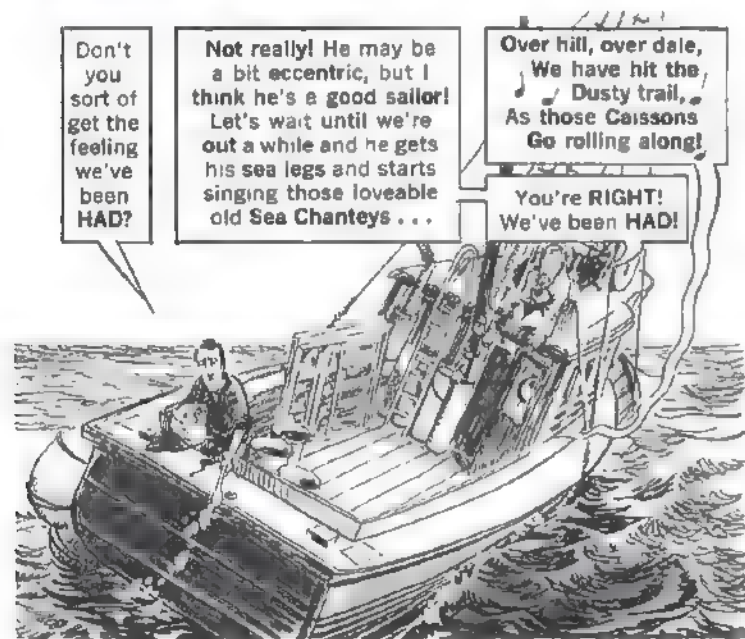
You think I want it stinking up my boat?

Then why'd you bring it aboard in the first place?

Listen ... one more stupid question, and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, swabbing the floor!!

The **"DECK"**!!

Whatever.

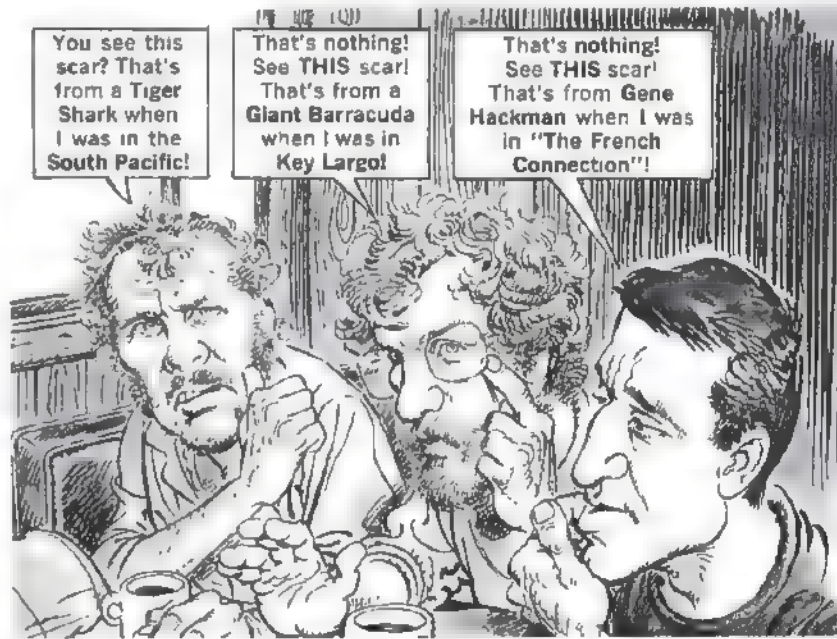


Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been **HAD**?

Not really! He may be a bit eccentric, but I think he's a good sailor! Let's wait until we're out a while and he gets his sea legs and starts singing those loveable old Sea Chanteys ...

Over hill, over dale,
We have hit the
Dusty trail,
As those Caissons
Go rolling along!

You're **RIGHT**! We've been **HAD**!



You see this scar? That's from a Tiger Shark when I was in the South Pacific!

That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from a Giant Barracuda when I was in Key Largo!

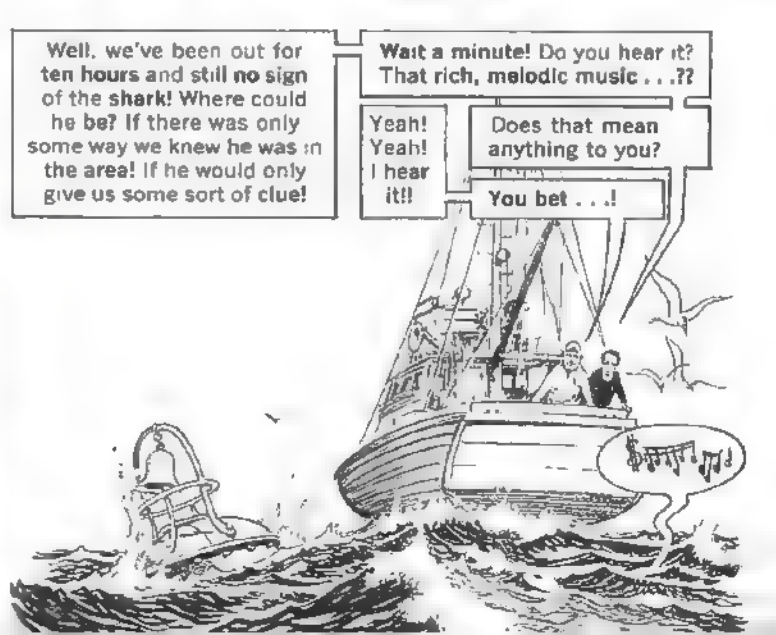
That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from Gene Hackman when I was in "The French Connection"!!



C'mon, Squint ... you're an expert on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!

Oh, the shark has ...
Pretty teeth, dear ...
And he shows them ...
Pearly white ...

Boy ... with these Old Salts, everything is a **SONG CUE**!!



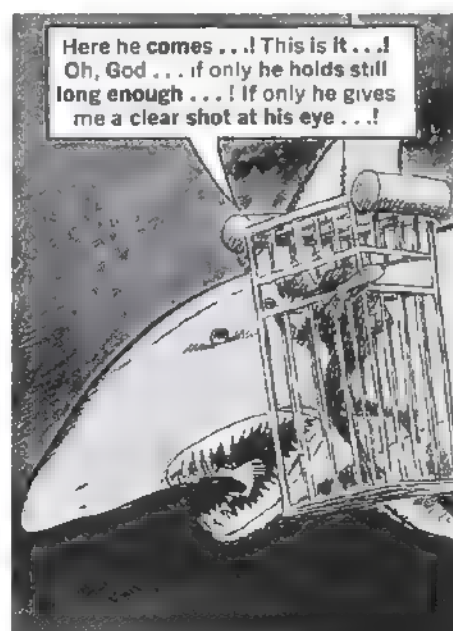
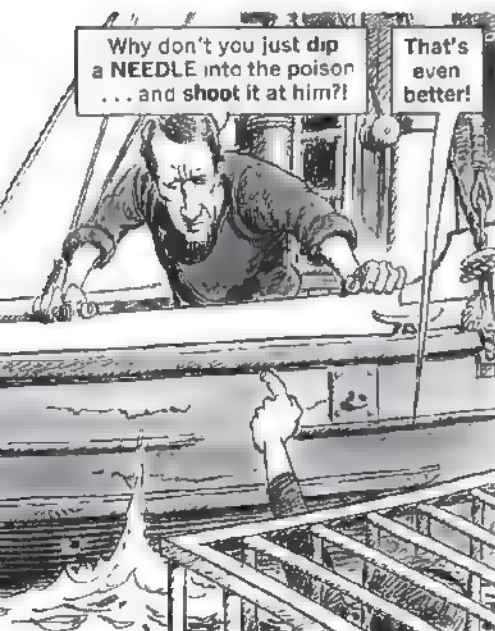
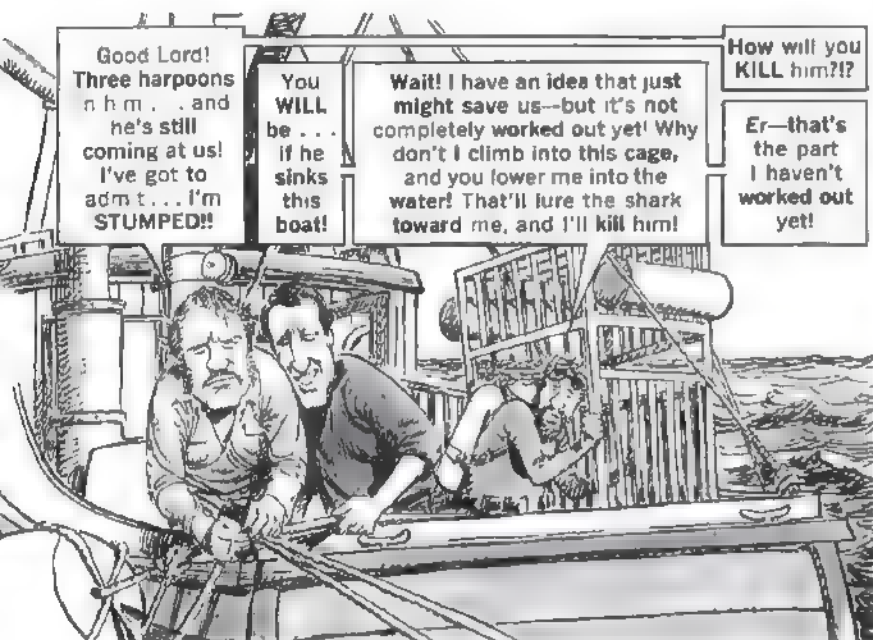
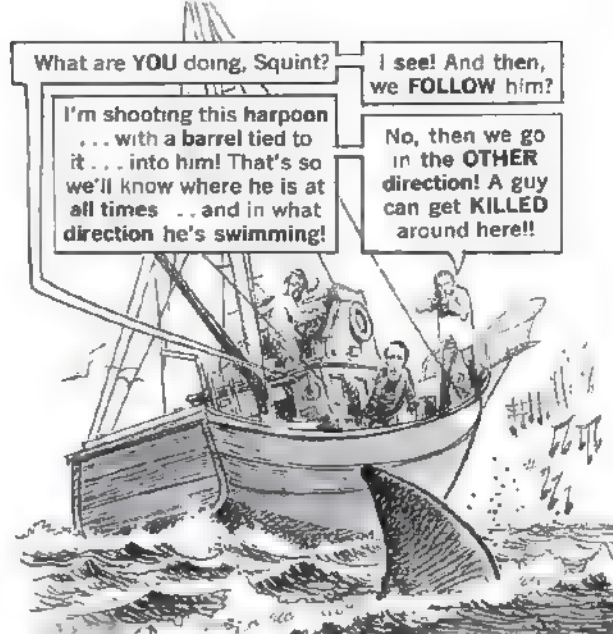
Well, we've been out for ten hours and still no sign of the shark! Where could he be? If there was only some way we knew he was in the area! If he would only give us some sort of clue!

Wait a minute! Do you hear it? That rich, melodic music ...??

Yeah! Yeah! I hear it!!

Does that mean anything to you?

You bet ...!





He's back! He got Clod! The poison thing didn't work! What now, Captain?

You wait here while I go and check the old Navy Manual ...

It's too late for that now! A desperate situation calls for desperate measures! Er—I know! Listen to THIS ...

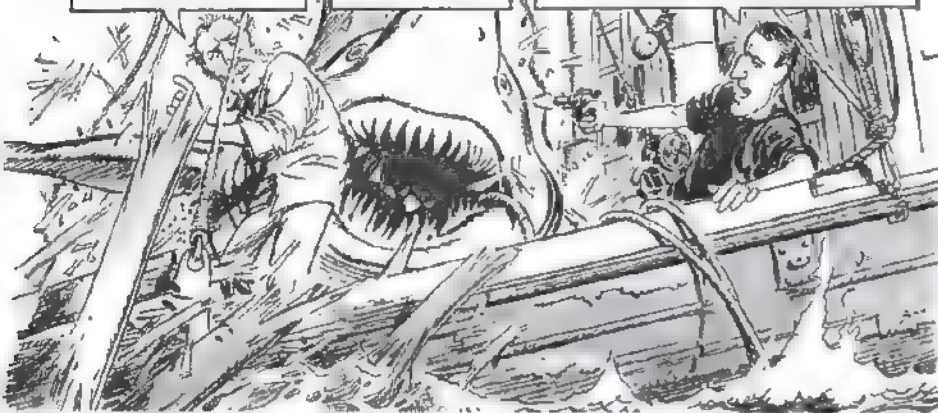
OKAY, SHARK ... MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT ...

Wait a minute, Shark! Not so FAR out of the water!!

Too bad! It always worked in "COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!

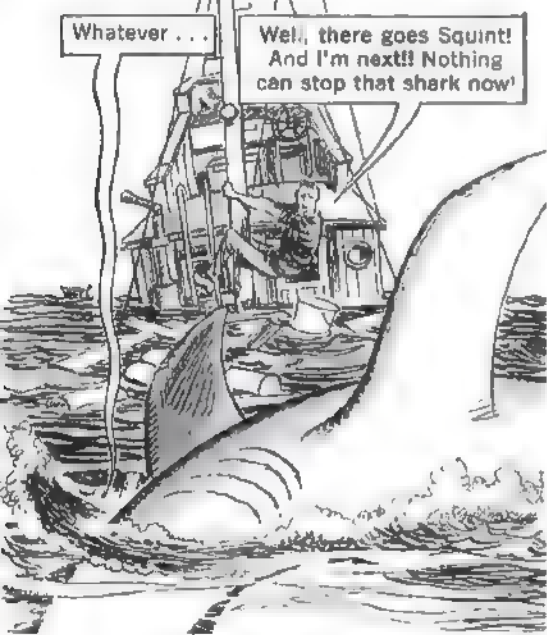
Well, Mate! I guess I'm a goner! But if I gotta go, I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me dies at sea! So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his final resting place in Davey Smith's Locker ...

That's Davey JONES'S Locker!



Whatever ...

Well, there goes Squint! And I'm next!! Nothing can stop that shark now!



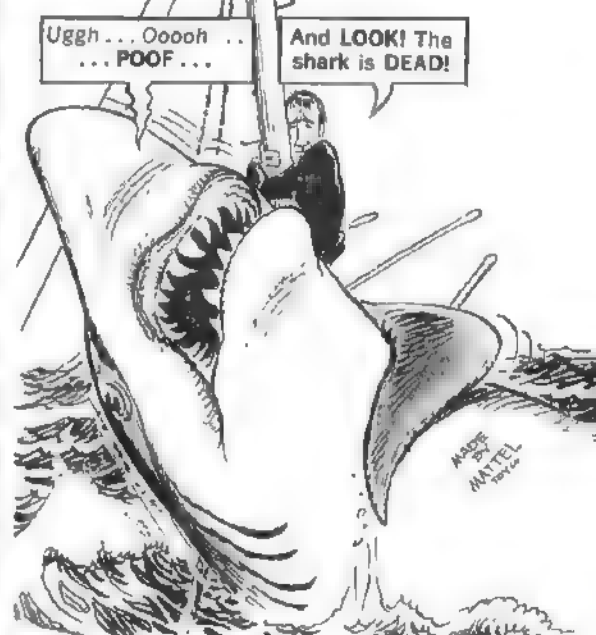
Hi! What's going on?

CLOD!! You're alive! YOU'RE ALIVE ...!!



Uggh ... Ooooh ... POOF ...

And LOOK! The shark is DEAD!



OR FINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #180 JAN 1978

It's a miracle! How did the shark DIE?

Psychological Indigestion!

It's a very rare fish disease, brought on by a very common movie disease that we Scientists call "Scriptus Fantasticus!"

I think you know by now that a shark can usually eat ANYTHING! However, when he had me underwater ... and he destroyed my cage ... and there I was, swimming around, helpless ... and the Director wouldn't let him devour me so he could get a cheap, corny happy ending to this movie after subjecting the audience to two hours of nauseating garbage ...

What in hell is that?

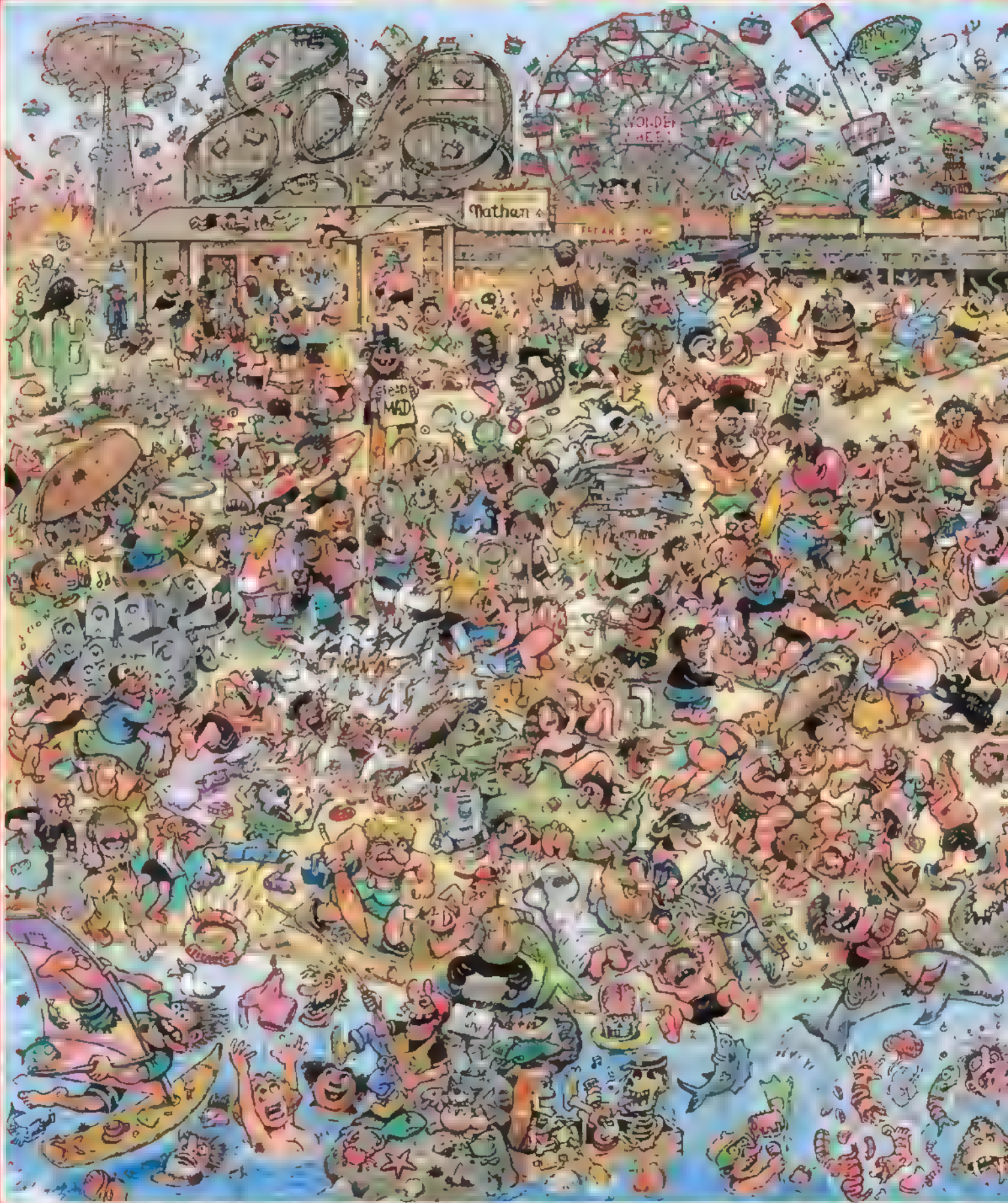
C'mon, Man! Talk sense!

You mean ...

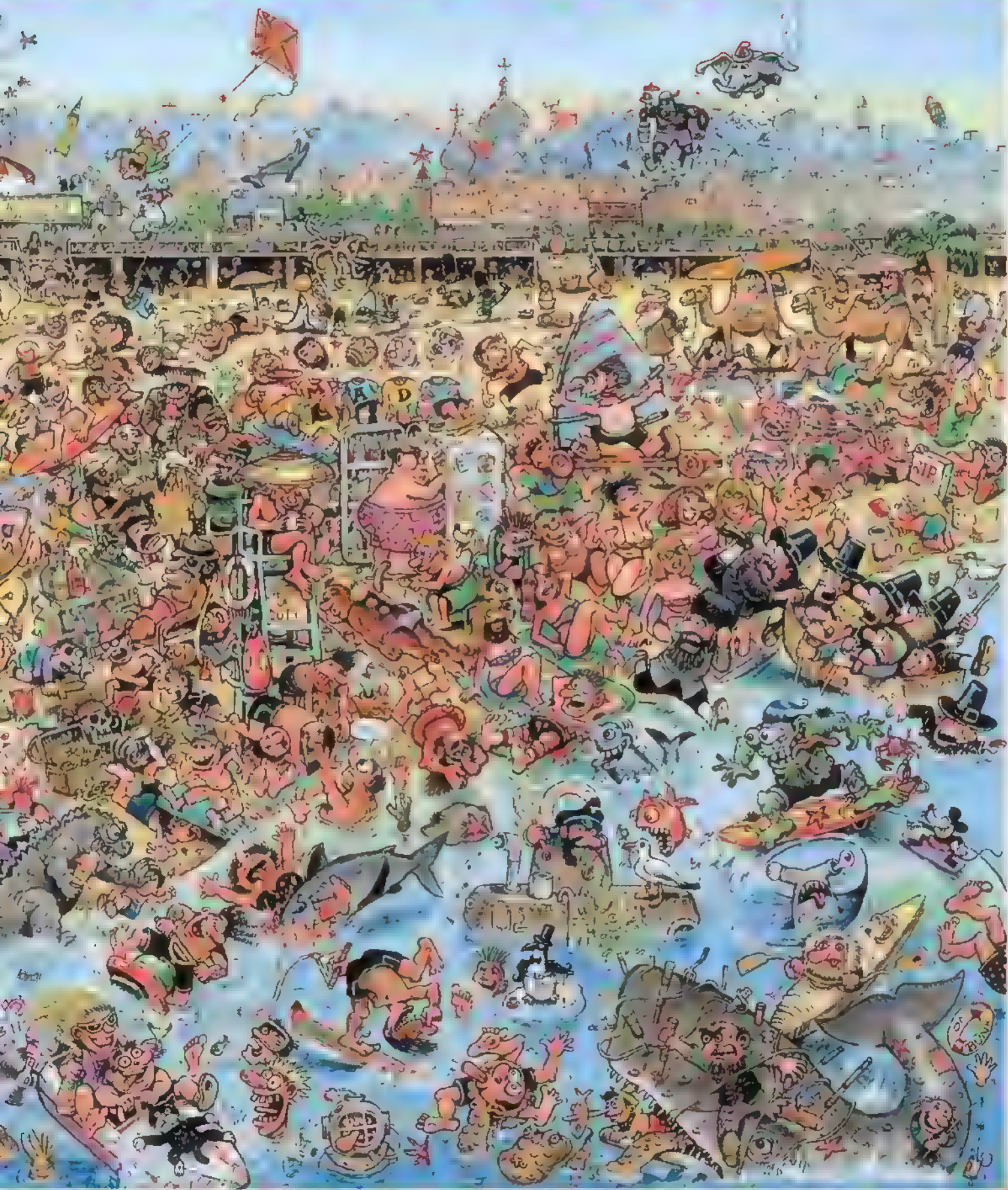
Right! THAT, not even a SHARK could swallow!

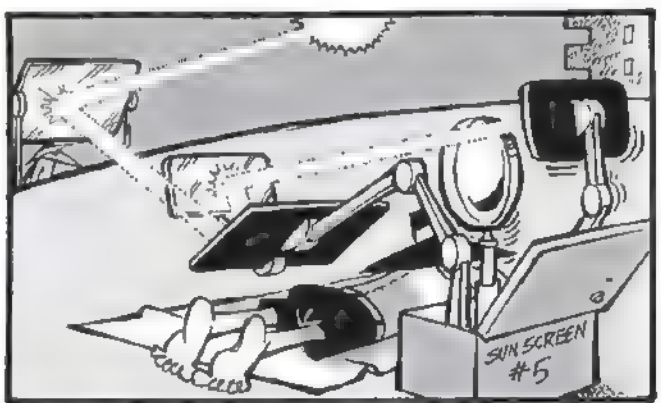
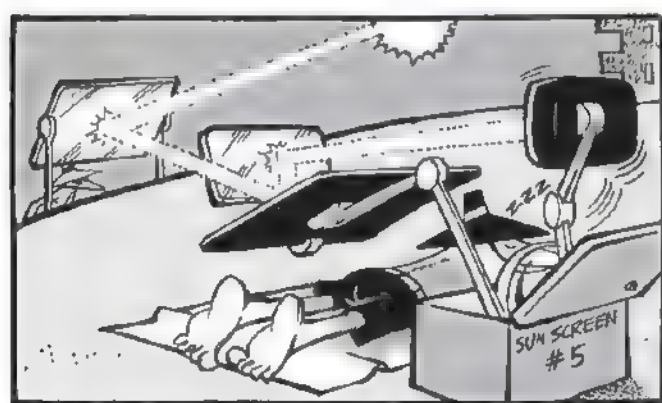
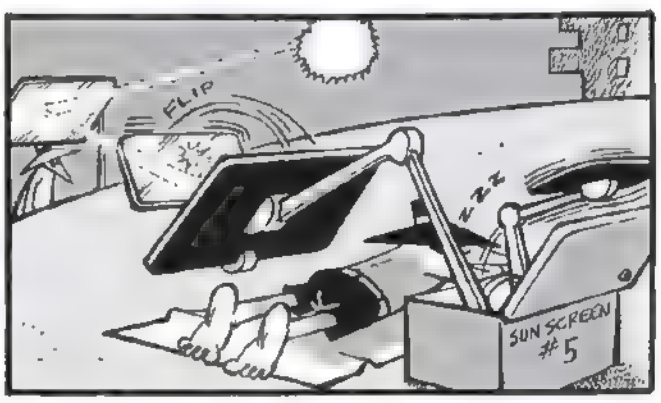
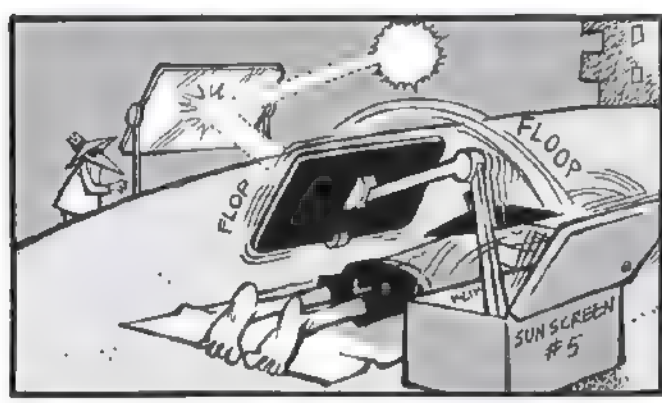
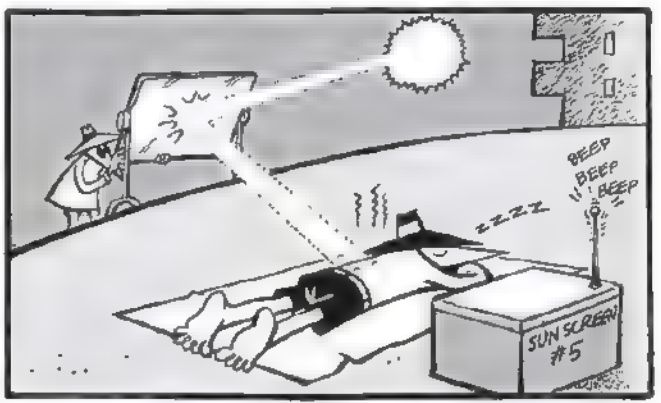
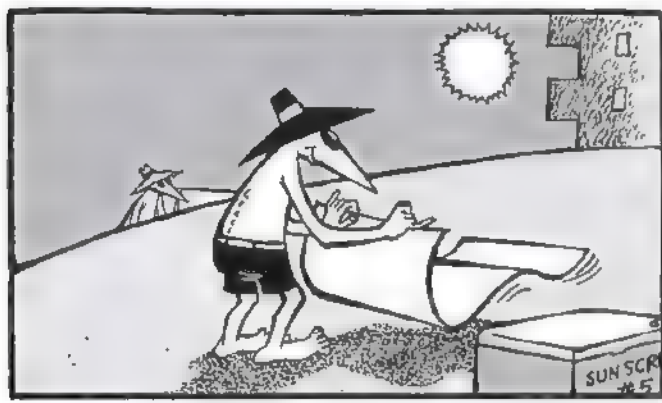
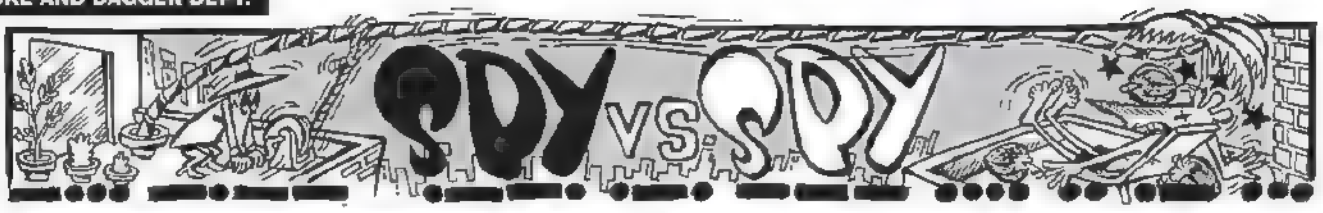


MAD'S TOM BUNK

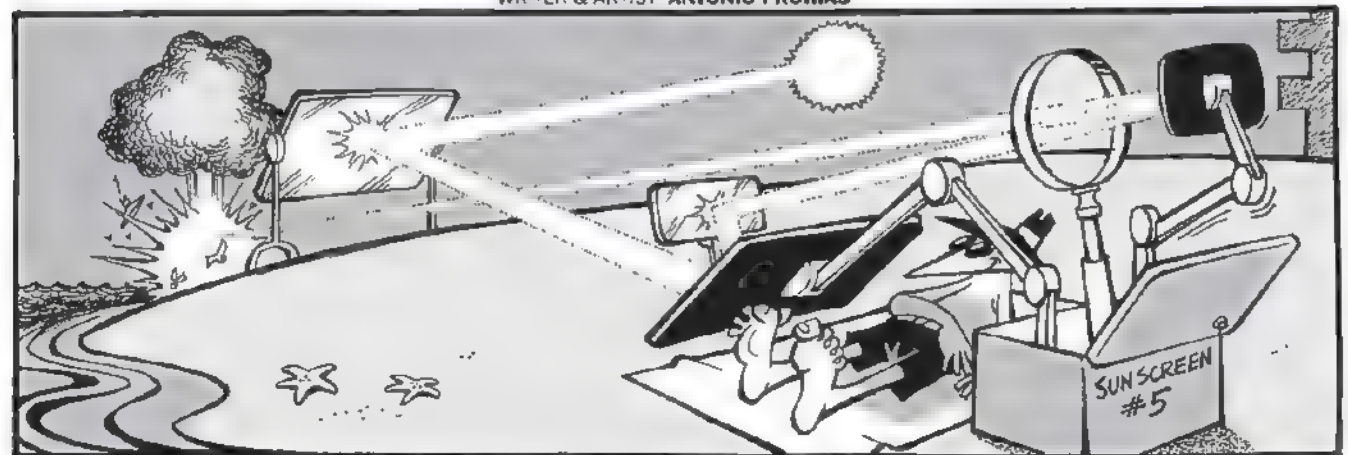


VISITS CONEY ISLAND





WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



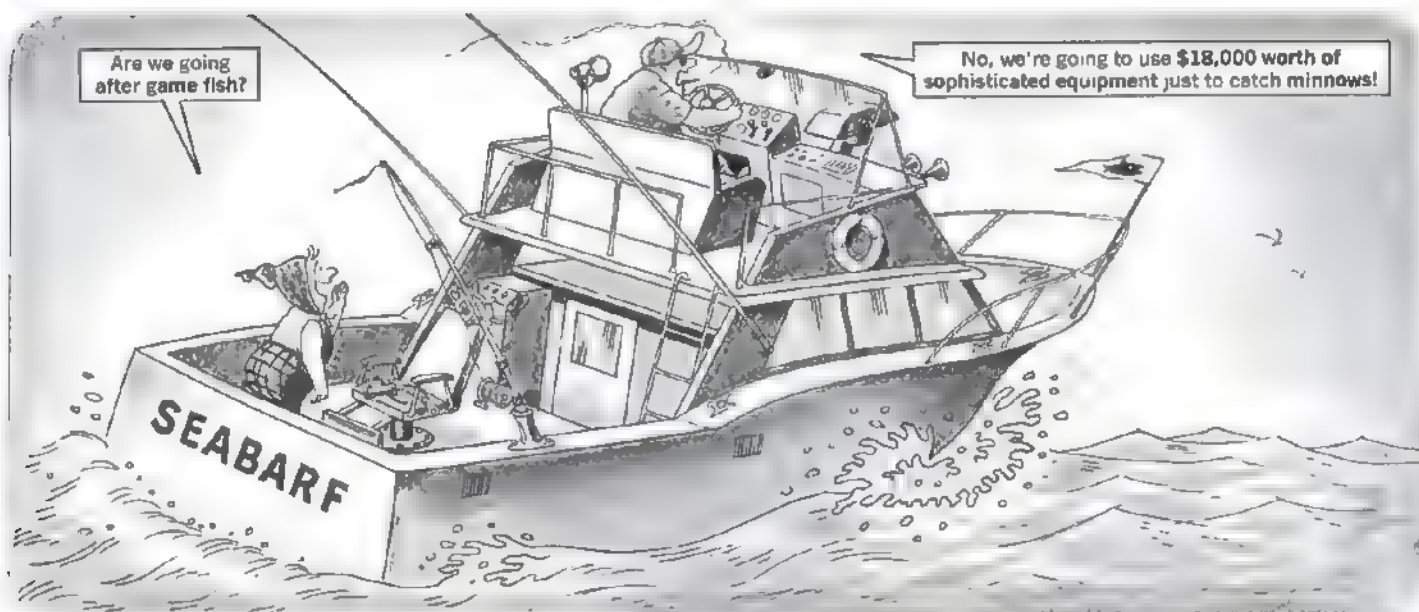
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #276 JAN 1988

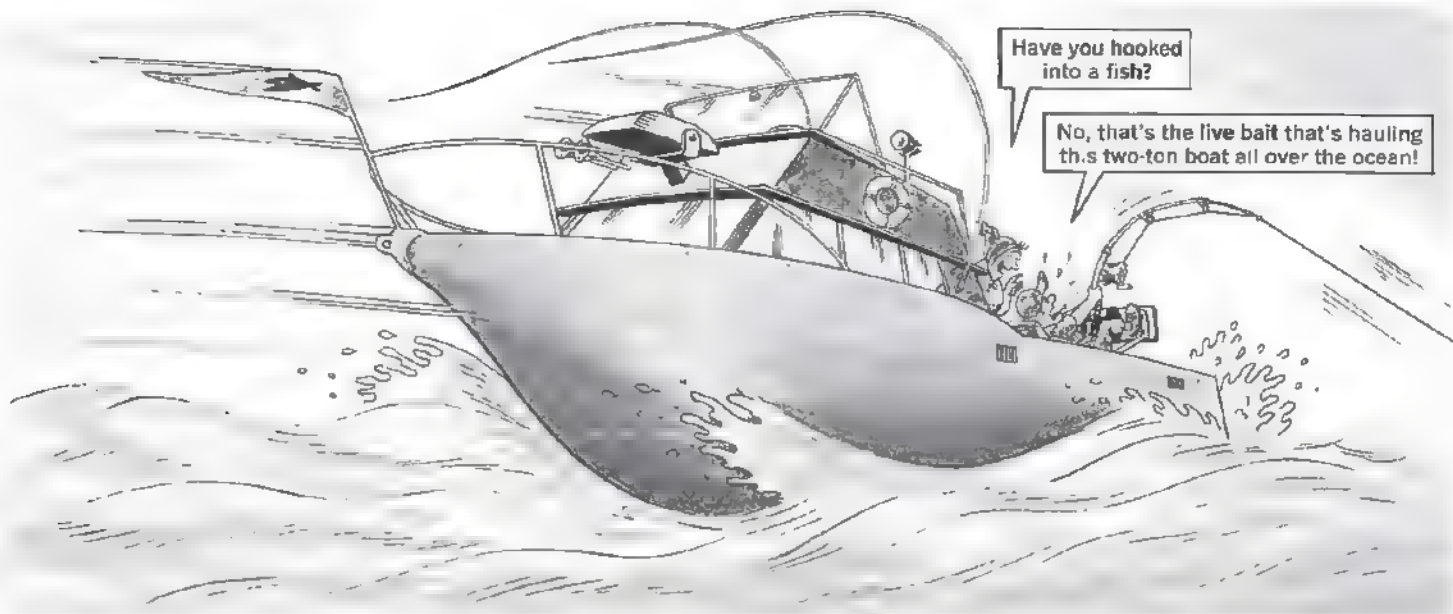




AN AL JAFFEE SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS Fishing Incident

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE





Have you hooked into a fish?

No, that's the live bait that's hauling this two-ton boat all over the ocean!

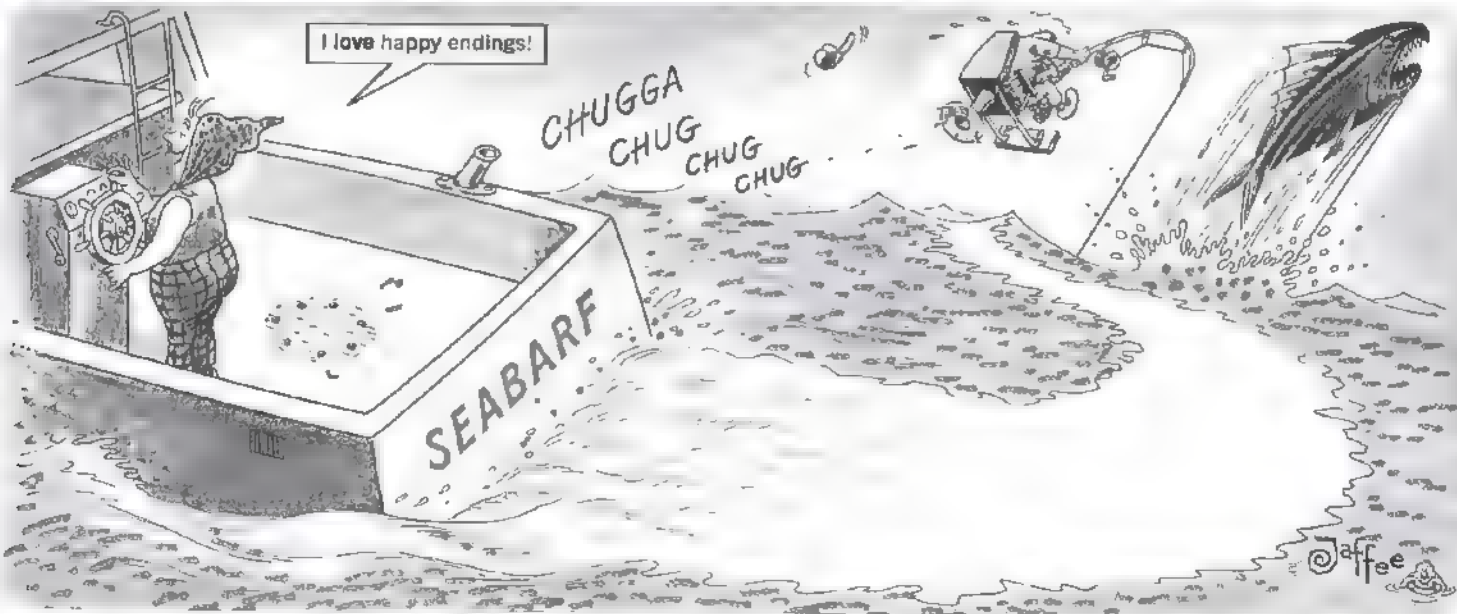


Are you going to reel in the fish?

No, I'm going to jump into the water and marry the gorgeous thing!



RIP



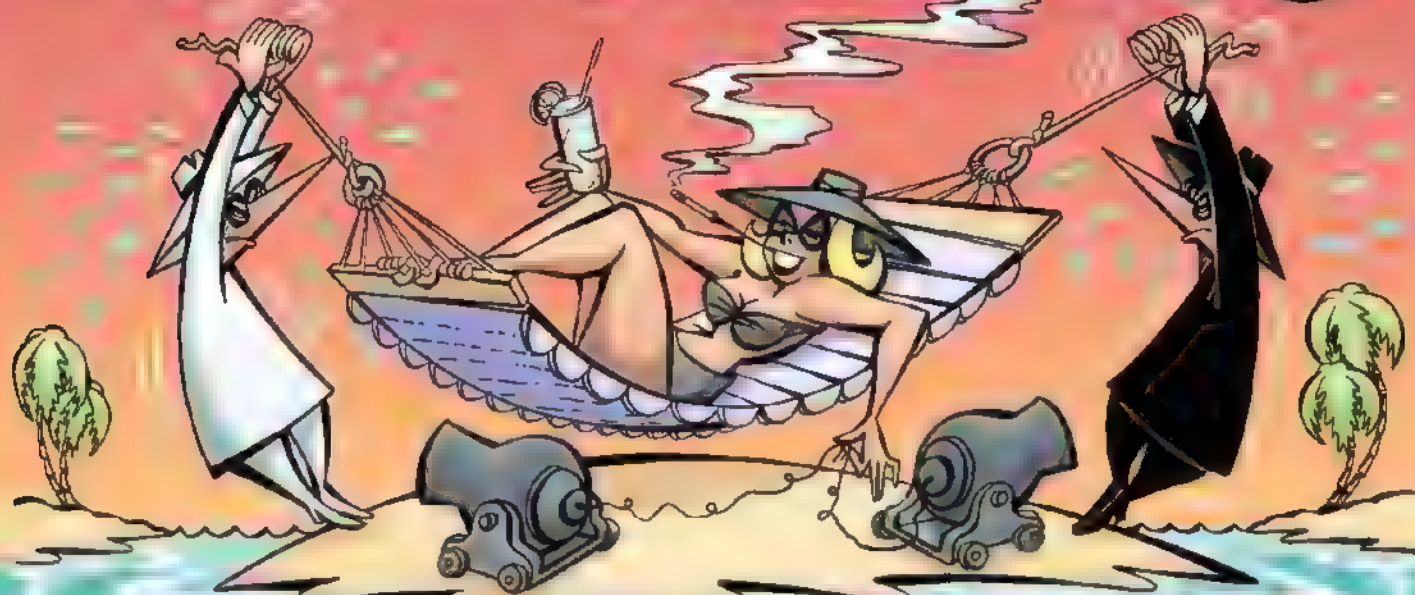
I love happy endings!

CHUGGA
CHUG
CHUG
CHUG

Jaffee



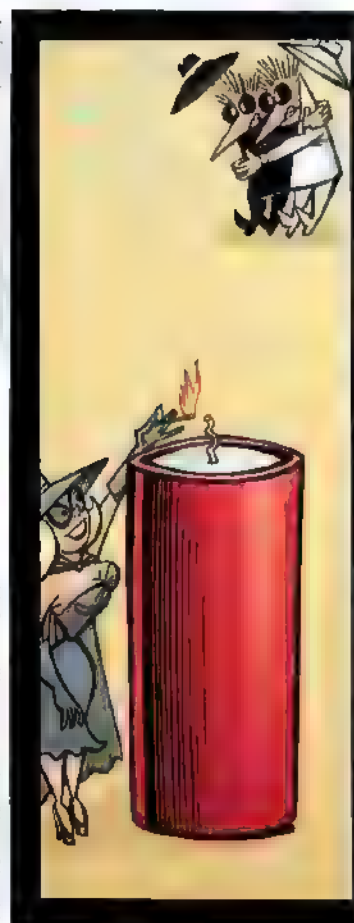
SPY VS SPY VS SPY



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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAN 492 OCT 1963



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHAS

Planning for Summer



Can't score a backstage pass?
Try slipping past security in a
homemade Daft Punk costume.

If at all possible, bring your
own toilet from home.

Be advised that Burning Man
has begun charging for food —
a cup of hummus will now
set you back about three
haikus and a scalp massage.

Don't do drugs! They cloud your
judgment and dry out your mouth,
all of which can result in you paying
\$8.50 for a bottle of Aquafina.

Face yourself. There
aren't going to be any
intermissions, so try and
catch some Z's during one of
Kanye's three-hour rants.

Online ticket sales will often let certain
credit card customers buy their tickets first.
This ensures that only real banking fans are
allowed to attend, and not a bunch of posers
who are just in it for the free toasters.

Remember, you're going to be walking
around in the sun all day, so only pack your
most comfortable astronaut boots and
Native American ceremonial headdresses.

Be sure to study every band's discography
well in advance — that way, when they
take the stage you can complain about
them like you were a lifelong fan.

With 90,000 people in attendance, you
probably won't get close enough to the stage
to need earplugs. But given the fact that none
of them will be bathing for the next three
days, you might want to consider noseplugs.

Your Music Festival

WRITER KENNY KEIL

ARTIST JOHN MARTZ

If the Coca-Cola Stage is a little too corporate and mainstream for your tastes, try discovering some new obscure indie talent over at the RC Cola Gazebo.

Please wait until Skrillex has finished his set to ask him if you can charge your phone on his laptop.

Wear sunglasses! For the UV protection, yes. But mostly for plausible deniability when your mom finds your festival photos on Facebook.

Find an easily recognizable landmark to meet at in case you get separated from your friends: lockers, merch booths, blackout drunk dudes in My Little Pony costumes, etc.

Be selective in which bands you choose to see. Once you factor in the time you'll spend waiting in lines, setting up your tent, and getting to the stage, you're going to be left with about five to ten minutes of actual music, so make it count.

You didn't hear this from us, but if you let the people at the front gate know it's your birthday, the Wu-Tang Clan has been known to come out singing with free cookie cake.

Don't forget about Insect Repellent! (No, schmuck — they're playing the main pavilion at 9 PM!)

Get out there and mingle! Remember, a stranger is just a friend who hasn't thrown up all over you during a game of Strip-Twister yet.

And finally, don't forget to remove all your body glitter and wristband passes before returning to the job you just called in sick to for the past three days.



It's summer — which means it's concert season! (It's also mold allergy season, but that makes for a far less entertaining article...) What could be better than the roar of the crowd, the wail of the guitar and the possibility of seeing random boobies? Well...plenty! Mold allergies will be a welcome change after you've read these...

Reasons You Should Definitely Skip Summer Concerts

WRITER JACOB LAMBERT ARTIST SIMON GANE

Eightieth show this year, brothas! Feel the love!



Parking lots overrun with pathetic "tearing" freaks who think that following a band all summer, having no job and smelling like feet is "liberating," not "depressing" and "pathetic."

Whoa-whoa-whoa! What are these supposed to be, tough guy?



Being groped at the entrance by overzealous "Event Staff" — as if Death Cab For Cutie fans are notorious for packing switchblades underneath their skin-tight emo summer attire.



"Lawn sections" that are way less grassy and only slightly closer to the stage than your lawn at home.

Thank you! Good night!

Thank you! Good night!

Thank you! Good night!

Well, we've been here 30 minutes, and I missed two out of three bands I wanted to see...

Massive two-day festivals that sucker you in by offering as many bands as possible — then jam them onto as many stages simultaneously, you end up missing most of them.



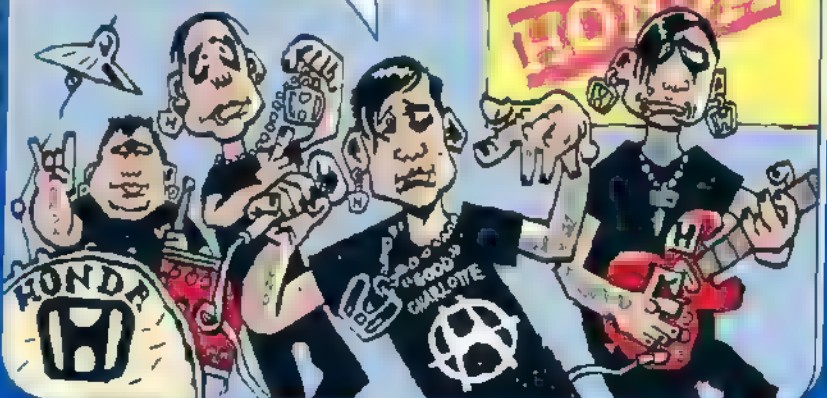
The endless, boring wait for the show to start — which is always made worse by drooling idiots that go berserk every time a roadie comes out to plug something in.



The eternal t-shirt dilemma — get a high-quality version for 35 bucks, or pay \$9 for a crappy bootleg that'll shrink to the size of a napkin after one washing?

We want to thank everyone at Honda for the amazing job they've done. Okay - this next one's about STICKIN' IT TO THE MAN!

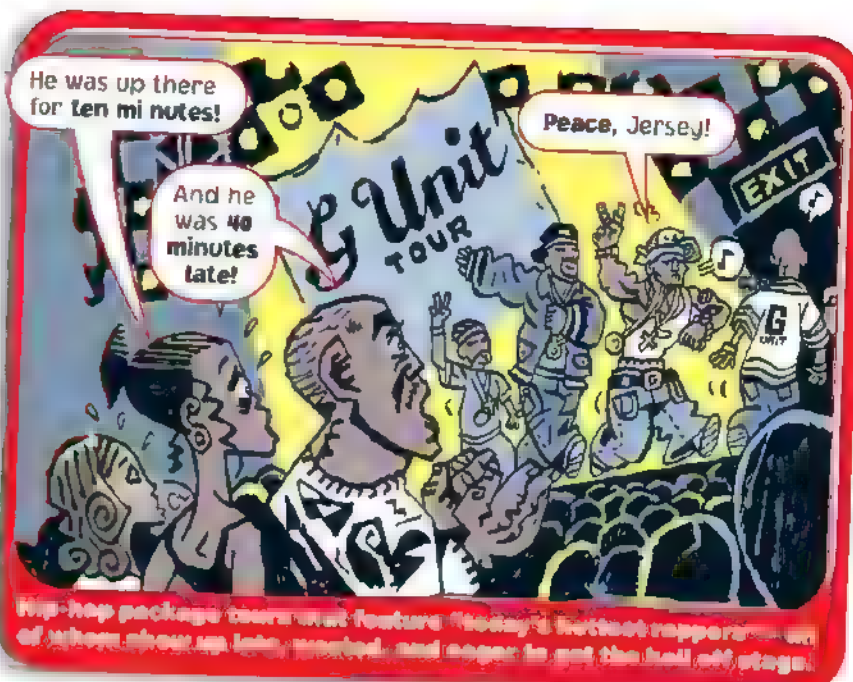
NEVER MIND THE BUICKS HERE'S HONDA



Pease punk acts who don't realize that "anti-authority rebels" probably wouldn't have their tour sponsored by gigantic multinational companies.



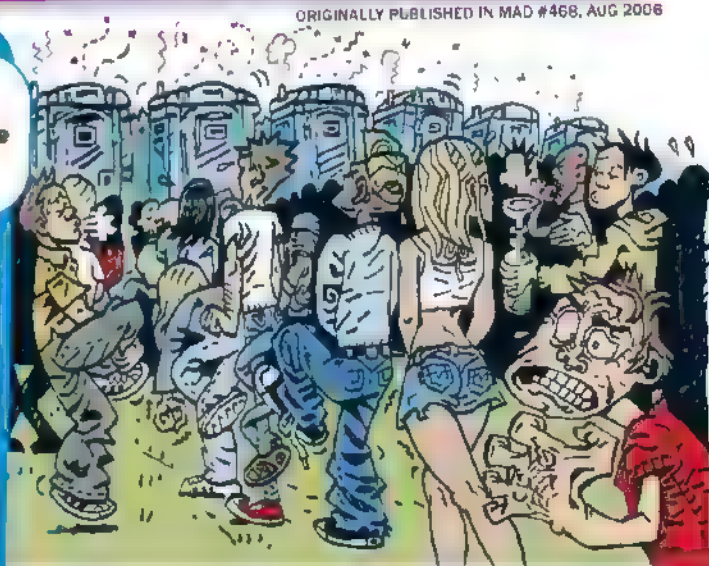
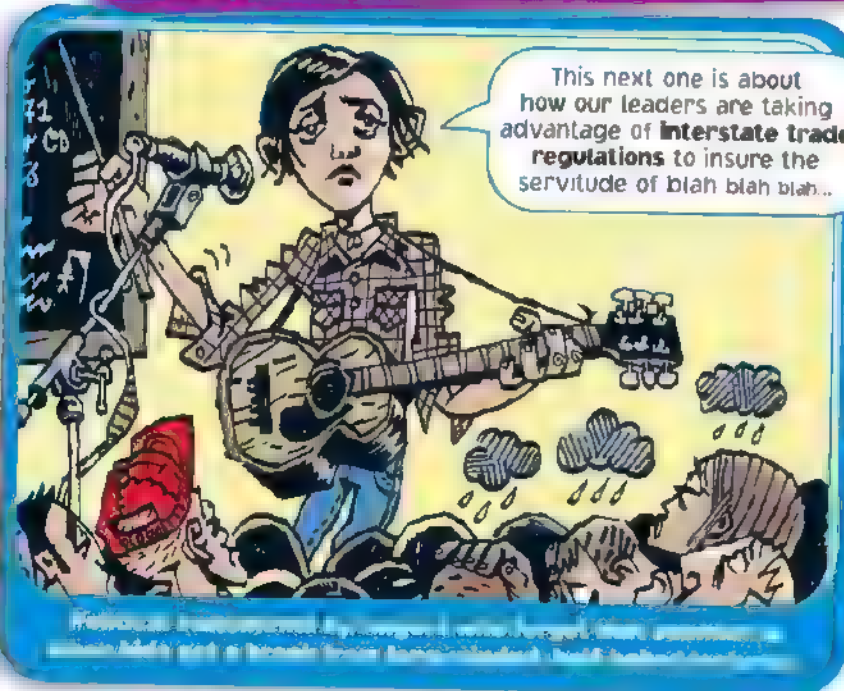
Pretentious bands that refuse to play their early hits "on principle," and completely forget the "principle" of entertaining the 10,000 fans who paid \$150 to hear them.



Hip-hop package tours that feature "today's hottest rappers" — all of whom show up late, mope, and eager to get the hell off stage.



Crappy seats that make it impossible for you to see anything but the video monitors — meaning you've basically shelled out ninety bucks to watch a concert DVD, outdoors, with a horde of heeling, hellgrout strangers.



Stupid festival planners who somehow think that ten putrid, horsefly-filled port-a-potties are enough for a crowd of 100,000.

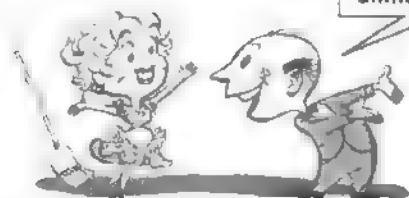
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #468, AUG 2006



THESE DAYS, WHEN
POP TELLS MOM...

I'm taking
you *out* for
dinner, dear!

HE DOESN'T MEAN OUT TO A FANCY RESTAURANT!
HE MEANS HE'S TAKING HER **OUTSIDE**, TO THE ...



BACKYARD BARBECUE

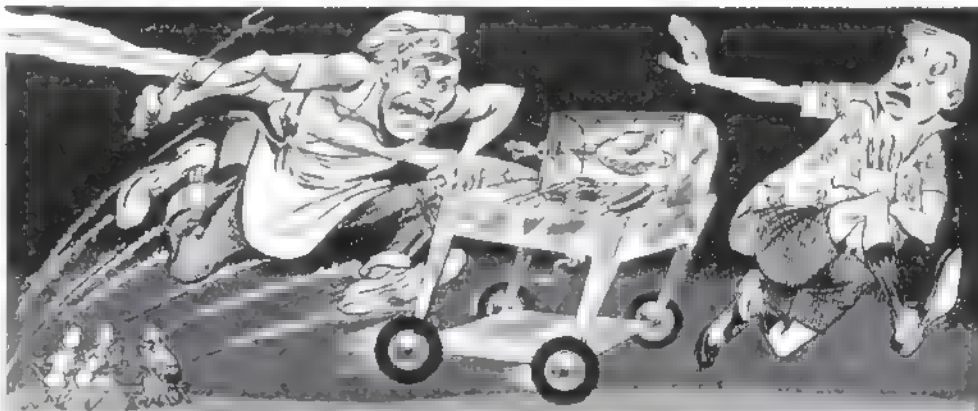


WRITER & ARTIST **DAVE BERG**

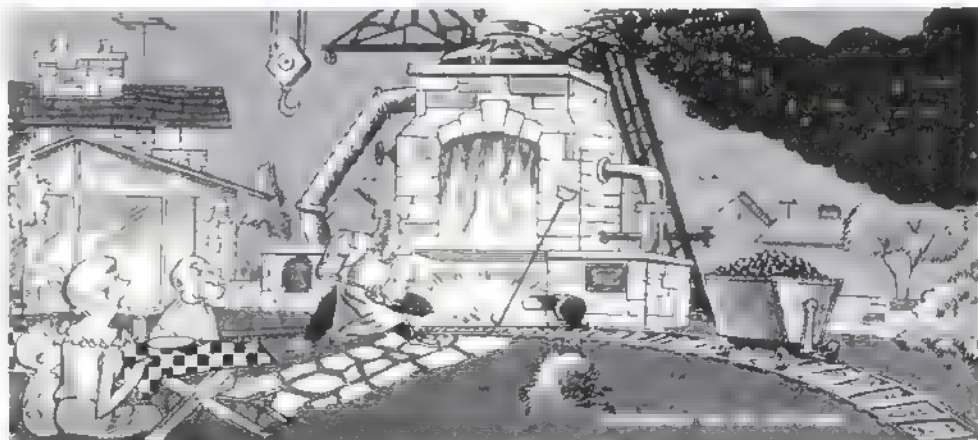
Barbecues come in assorted sizes and shapes. Simplest of these is the bowl-type, or *brazier*, with a grid top, mounted on tripod legs. This type is perfect for families with very limited backyard spaces.



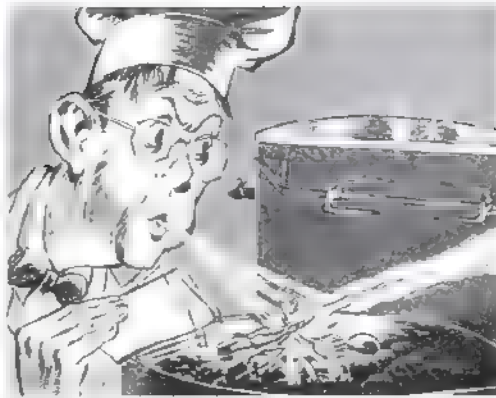
Then there is the portable type of barbecue, mounted on wheels. This type affords convenience and mobility to the barbecue chef, and also comes in handy for chasing and pinning anyone who seems reluctant



And then there's the super-type of barbecue, which is actually a converted blast-furnace. This explains why most outdoor chefs turn out hamburgers that are as heavy as lead.



STARTING FIRE



The inexperienced chef lights his barbecue fire the hard way. First, he laboriously covers his charcoal with bits of paper and twigs, and then he touches his match to it. The fire fizzles out before charcoal-broiling can begin. ▶

TESTING WIND DIRECTION

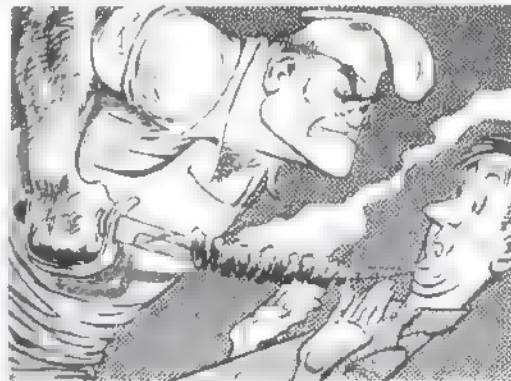
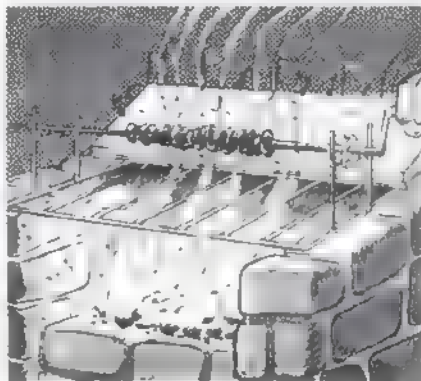


Always test the wind direction before you start the fire. Smoke may blow into house, forcing you to move barbecue.

Disadvantage of brick barbecue is now obvious. Smoke may blow into neighbor's house, forcing you to move family.

MAKING SHISHKABOB

This popular barbecue recipe is made by alternately impaling choice pieces of meat and vegetables on a long spit, then revolving slowly over the coals. This is what is known as "done to a turn." The true outdoor chef, however, uses a genuine calvary sword instead of a spit. That way, if anybody refuses to eat the mess, he can run them through.

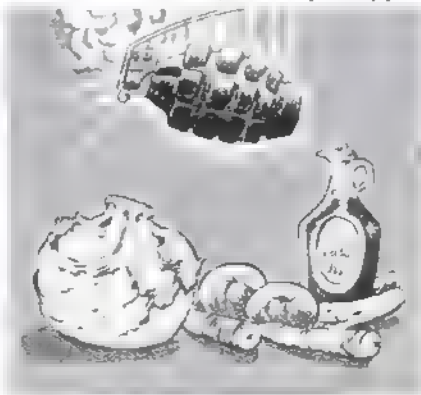


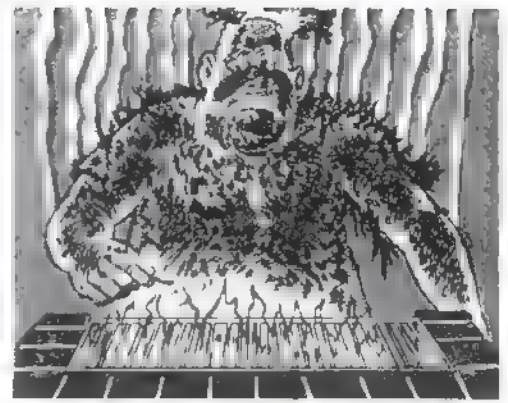
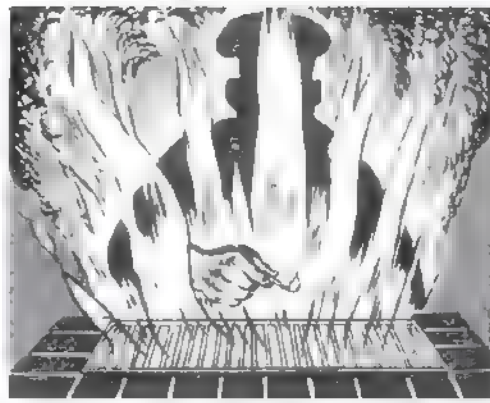
TOSSING SALAD

Place lettuce, tomatoes, raw carrots, cucumbers, and salad oil into a neat pile.

For that extra kick, add a pineapple.

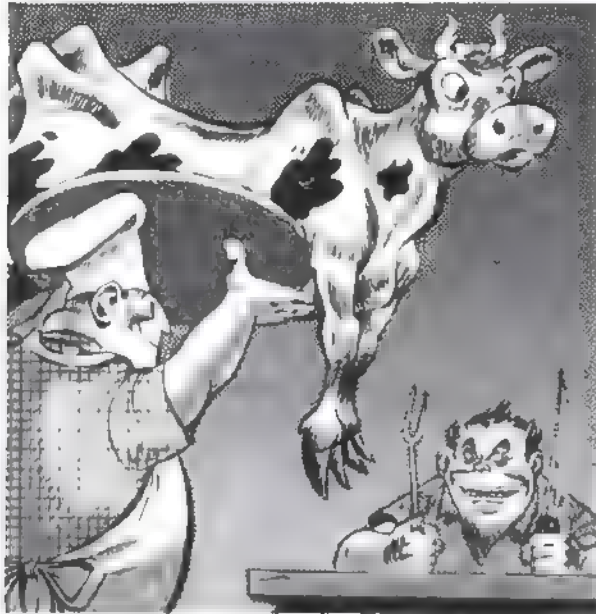
Barbecue salad will be nicely tossed.





The connoisseur of backyard barbecues lights his fire the easy way. First, he douses his charcoal with a specifically made inflammable fluid, and then touches his match to it. The charcoal-broiled-meat aroma can be smelled for miles.

BROILING STEAK



Steaks should be broiled to individual tastes. Some people like them rare ..



Some people like them medium rare.



Some people like them well-done.



But most people will get them burnt to a crisp!

FUTURE OUTDOOR LIVING

Backyard barbecues have become so popular, architects who design our future homes are planning to eliminate kitchens altogether. In fact, the more extreme elements among them are predicting a return to the primitive cave-like dwellings. They figure if people are going to insist upon eating like cave men, they might as well live like them too.





Despite the fact that Don Martin is a "strapping" specimen, there was one time when he really got "belted" around. He remembers that it happened to him . . .

ON A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON

Ya' know, Edna... I really should do something about this belly...



BLOOP



How's THAT?!



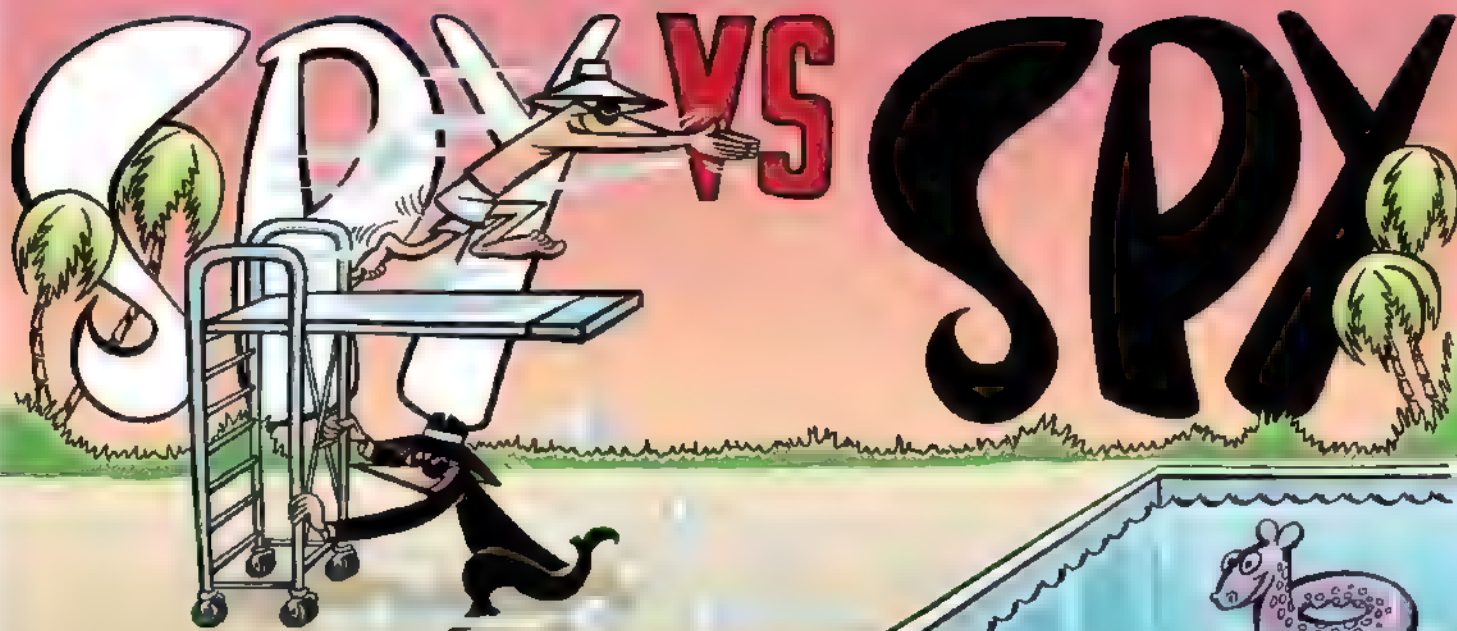
Why, it's great!! You've made a new man of me!!



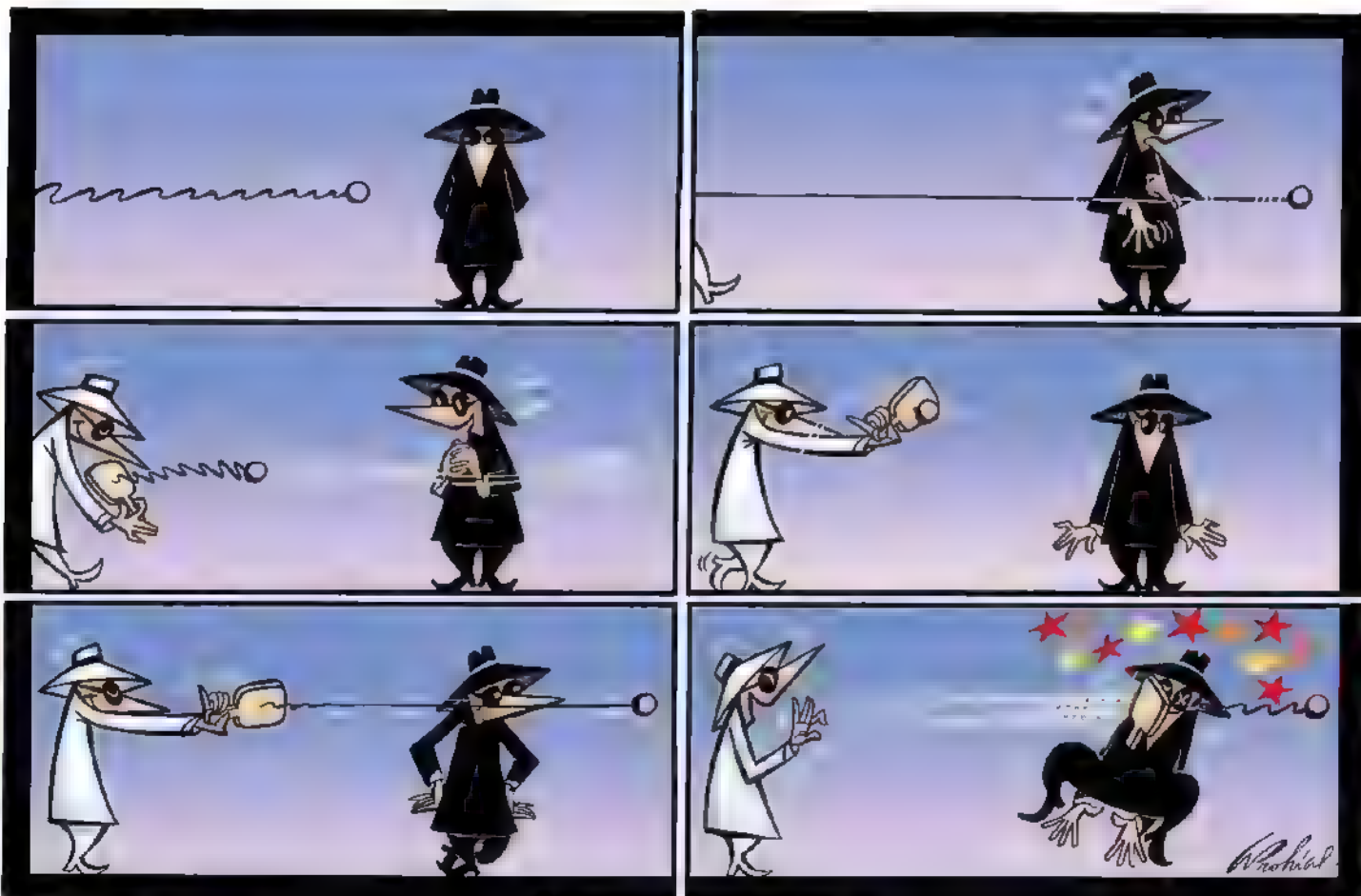
POING



D. MARTIN



THESE ARE THE BEST OF THE BEST



OR: C. MALLORY PUBL. SHED. N. MAD. #78. APR. 1964

WRITER & ARTIST: ANTONIO PROHIAS

WEEKLY WORLD NEWS

THE WORLD'S ONLY RELIABLE NEWS

WWN STUDIOS FIRST FILM

THE ZOMBIE WEDDING

COMING SOON!



BAT BOY FOUND IN CAVE



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social media, cool WWN merch
and our **FREE NEWSLETTER**
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What's the world's most-watched TV show? *Roseanne*? *Seinfeld*? *Studs*? Guess again! It's not as subtle as *Studs*! It's a syndicated show about Los Angeles lifeguards that has 140 million viewers worldwide! Why are people fascinated with this show? We'll give you a hint...they are not tuning into see a school of flounder! They're watching it because it's...

BABEWATCH

I'm Lt. Itch Buchanin! I'm the star lifeguard of this series! My last series was *Knight Rider*, an "auto-erotic" TV show where my partner, a sleek, sexy car named Kit, "talked"! I miss Kit! Nobody here is as bright as that vehicle!

You're wondering why a 42-year-old man is still a lifeguard? I'll tell you! This job is exciting, challenging and there are no strings attached... except on the thongs of the 19-year-old girls! That's why a 42-year-old man is still a lifeguard!

I'm Slumber Quinn! I'm a blonde lifeguard! Since I've been here I've caused more drownings than I've prevented! Guys keep swallowing water so I can resuscitate them! I still use the mouth-to-mouth approach!

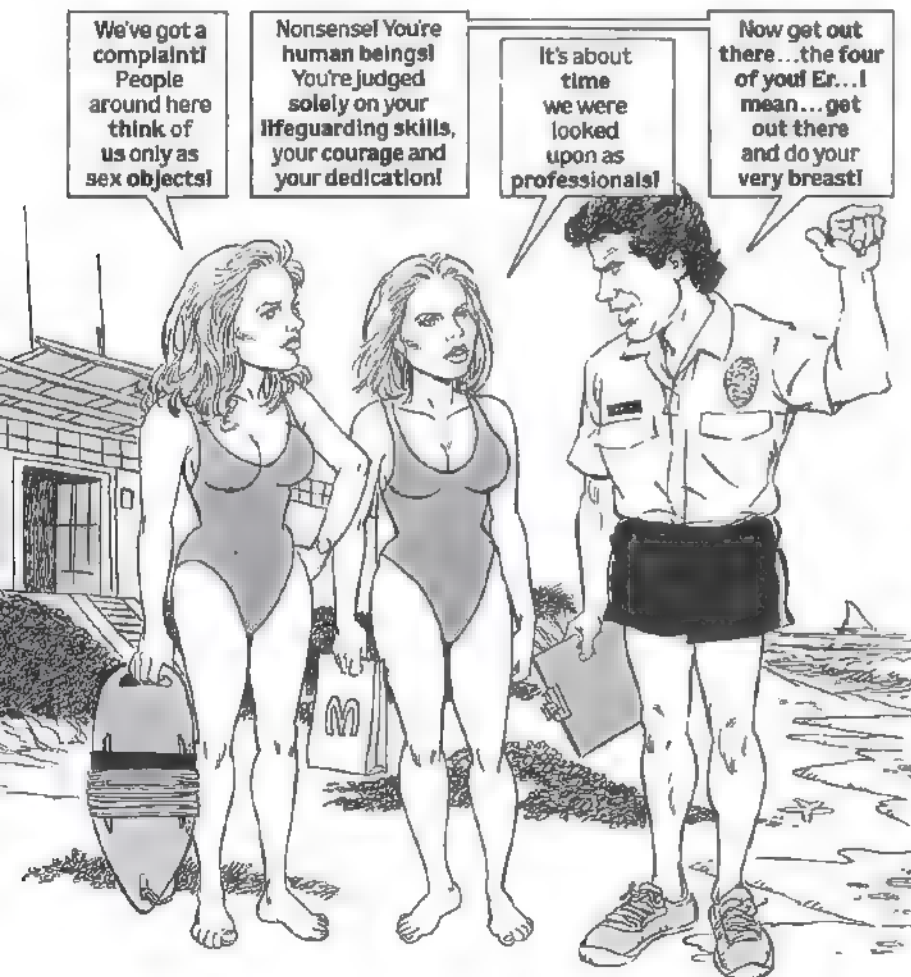
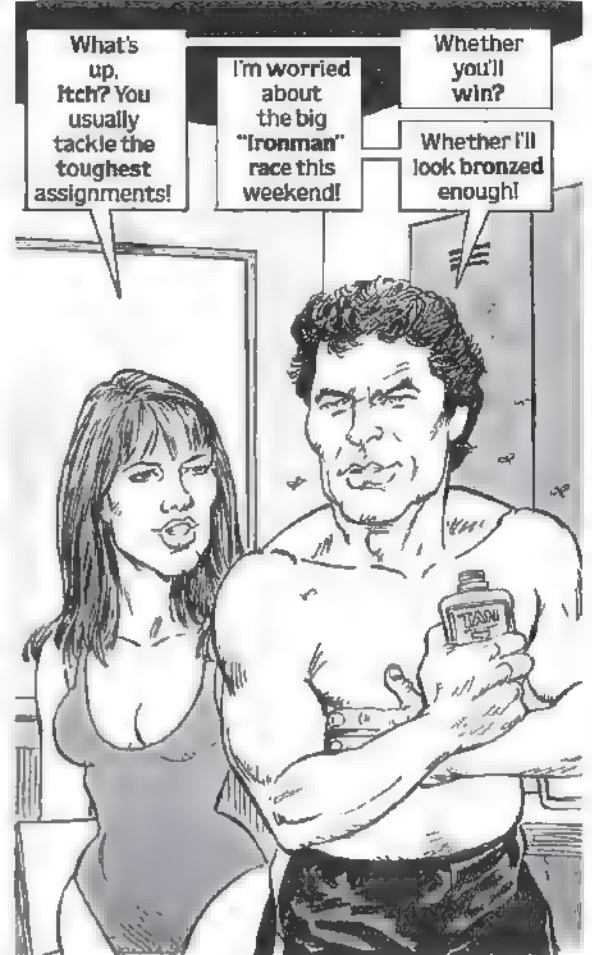
I'm T&A Pucker! Another blonde lifeguard! My qualifications: I can swim, I can dive and I have hooters the size of Wisconsin!

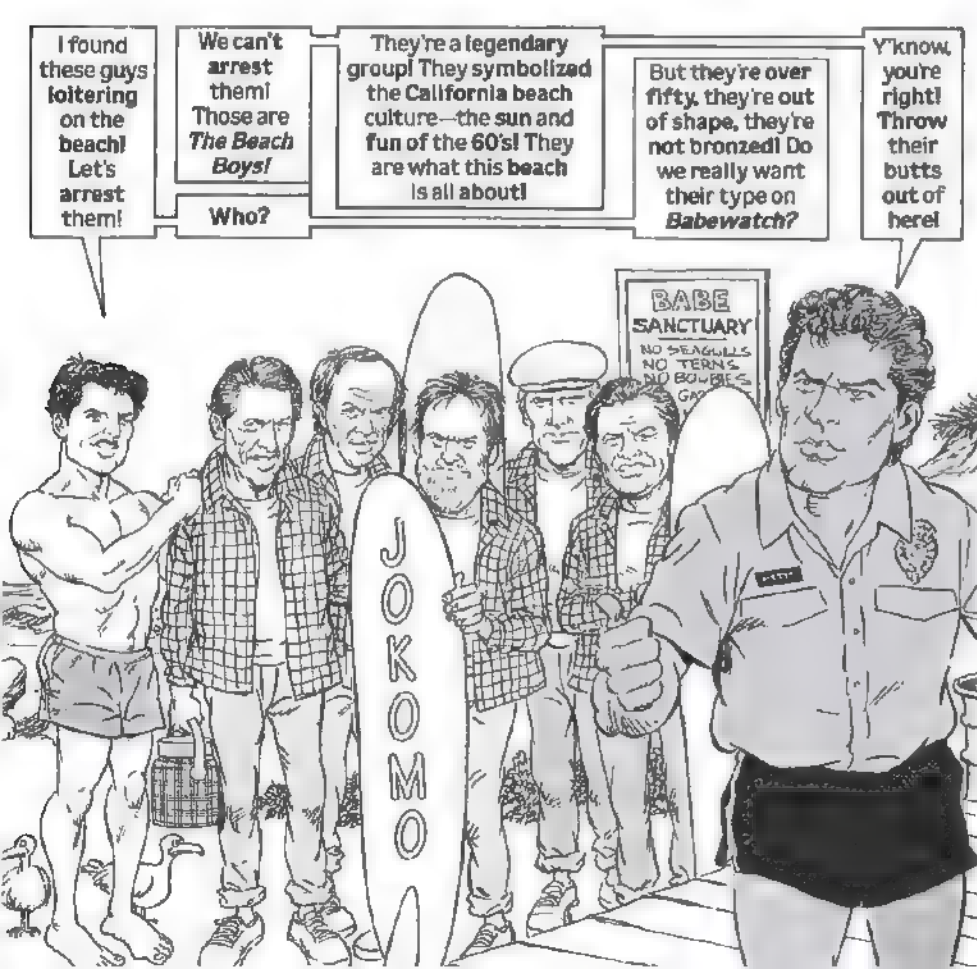
I'm Lt. Strippingly Holdum! I'm a dramatic change of pace for the series! I'm a brunette! I'm brighter than the other two! That's like saying Moe is the most articulate of the stooges!

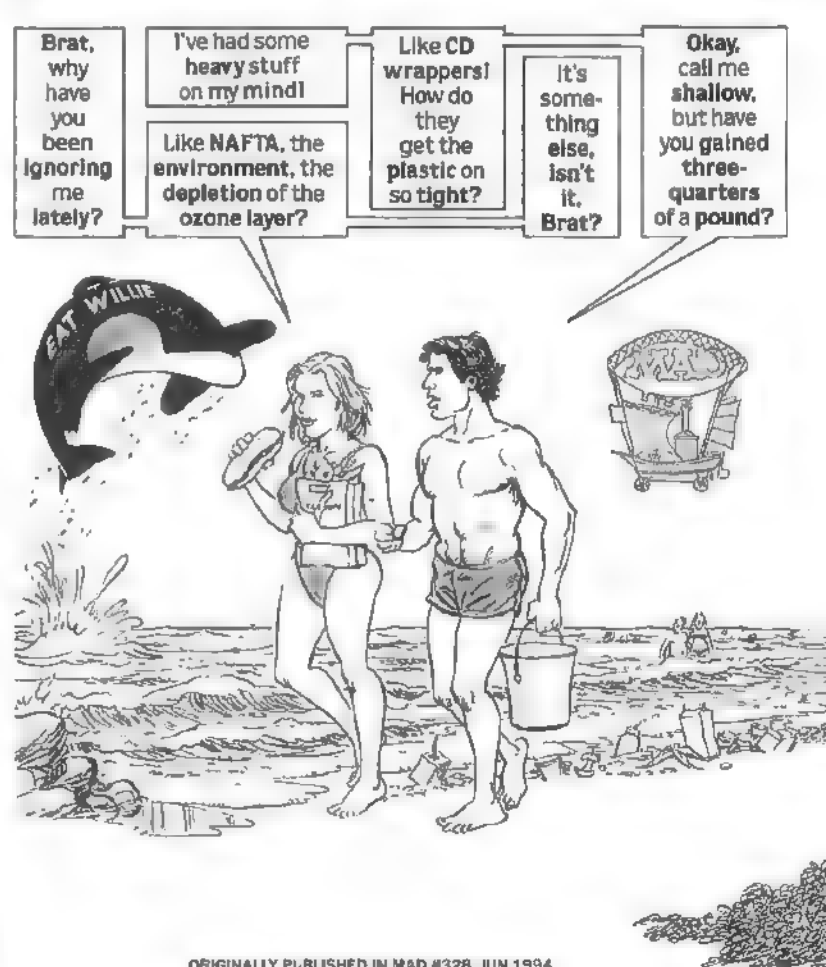
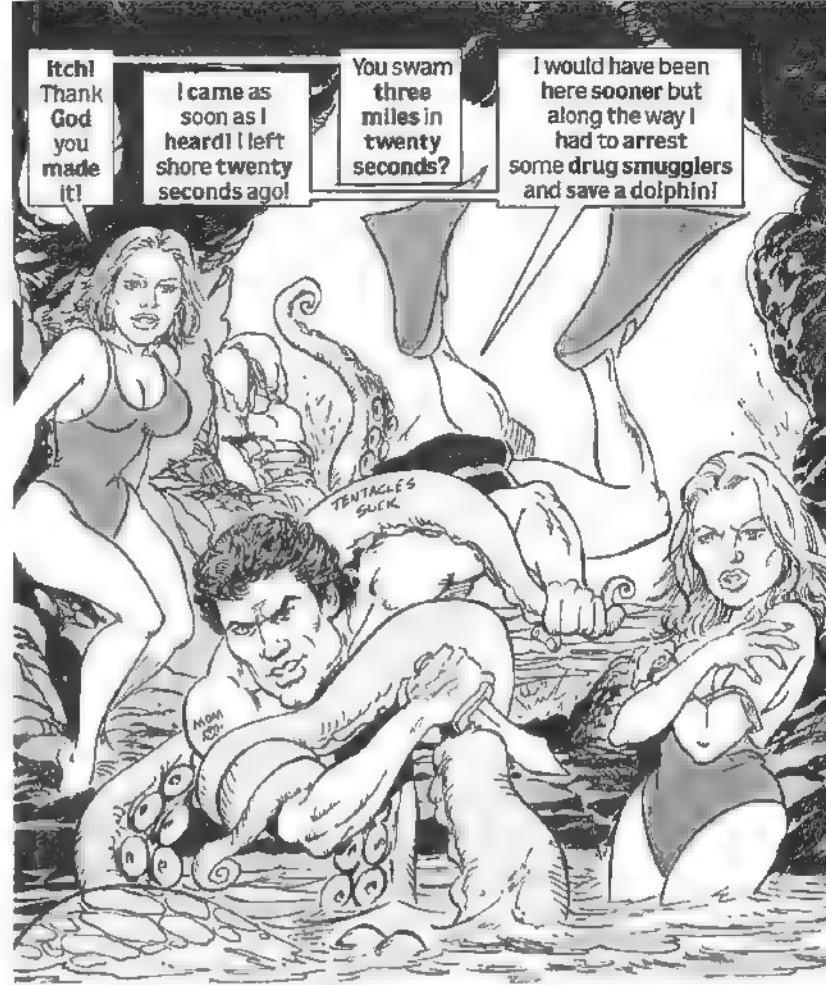
I'm Brat Moody! I'm a hunk in trunks! My dream is to be the best lifeguard in the world! My two idols are Schwarzenegger and Fabio! I hope to have the body of Schwarzenegger and the brain of Fabio!

I'm Sgt. Gonsa Mellowheel! I don't know what the hell I'm doing in this series! I sort of feel like Michael J. Fox in a Spike Lee movie!

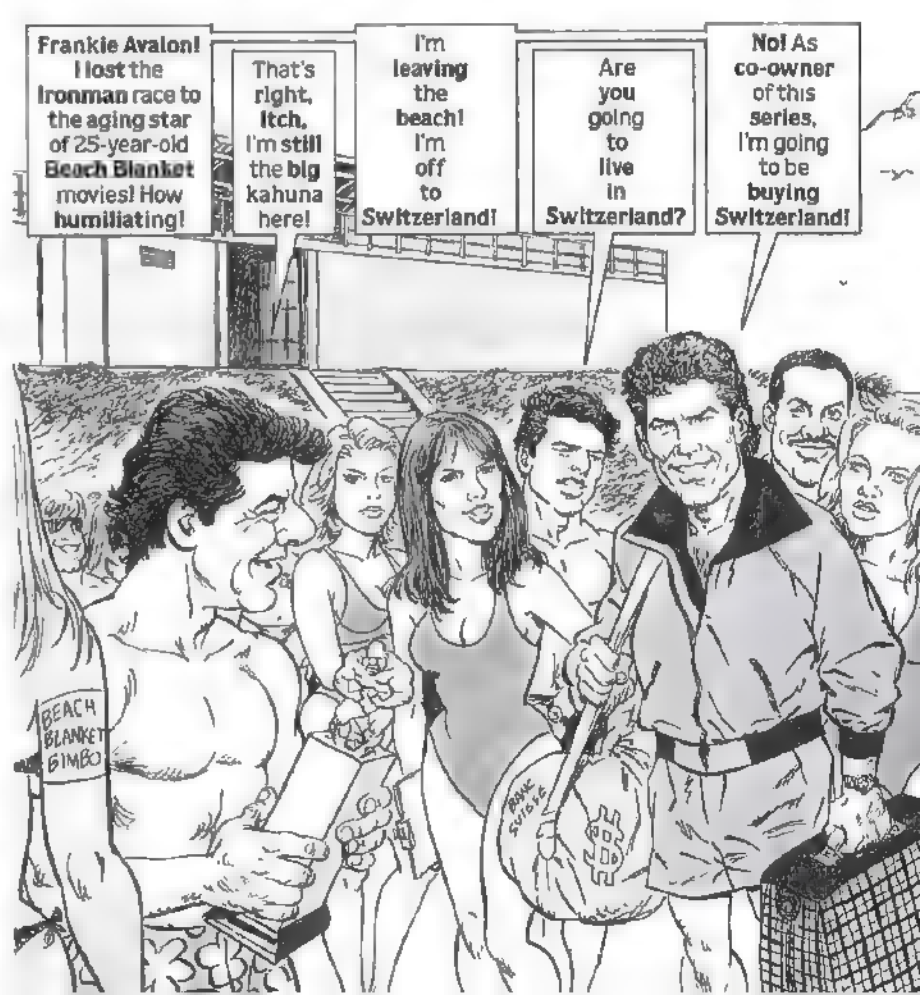
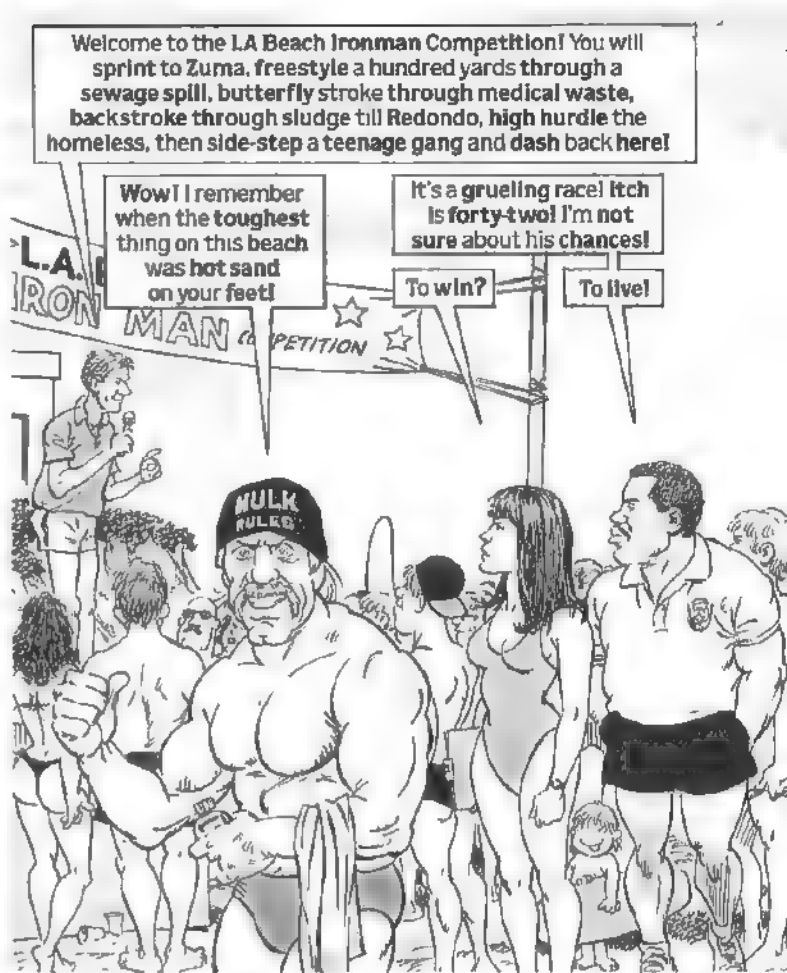
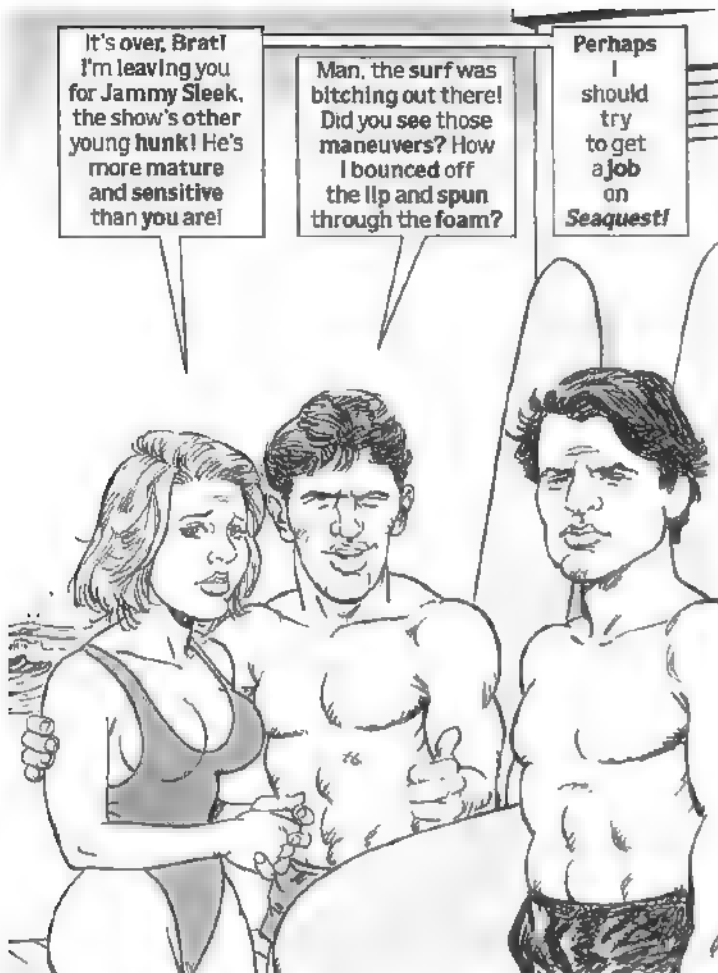








ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #328, JUN 1994





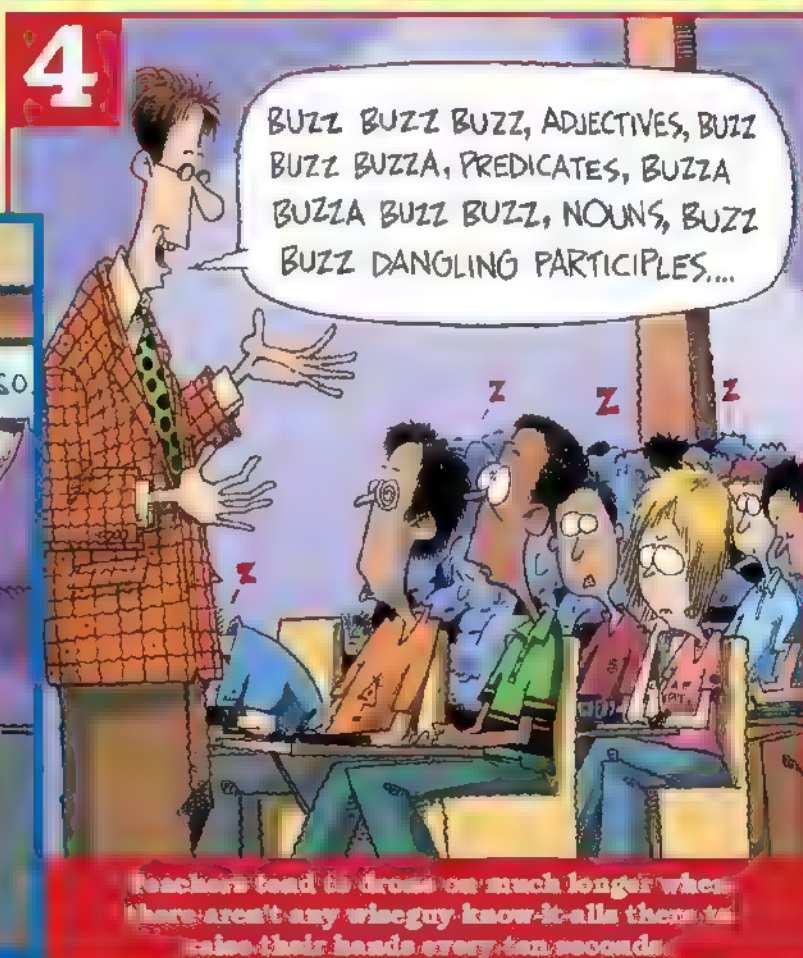
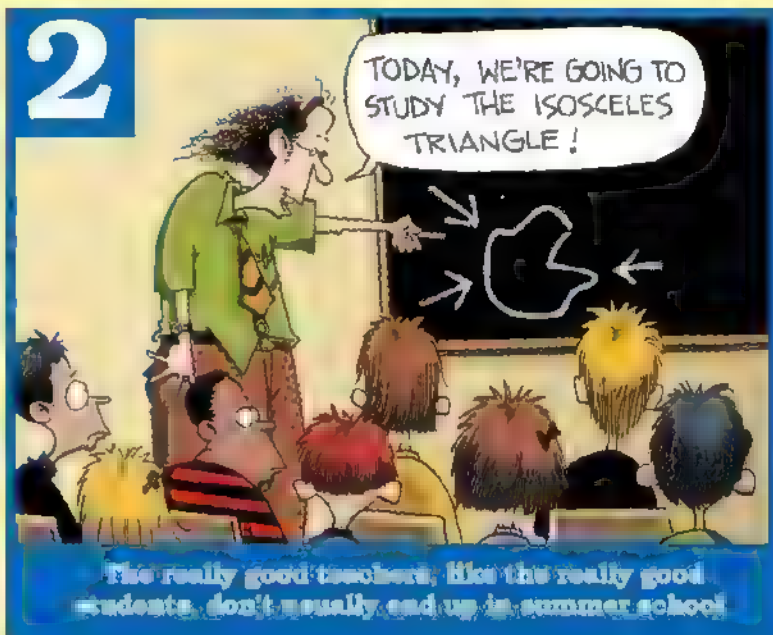
IT'S NOT THE HEAT, IT'S THE STUPIDITY DEPT.

You thought you could just skate right through the school year, that you'll be able to do a minimal amount of work and the teachers would pass you onto the next grade—boy, were you wrong, dumbass! Now it's time to pay the price! So say goodbye to the fun in the sun and hello to long days in hot classrooms. It's going to be bad—really bad—as you will see in...

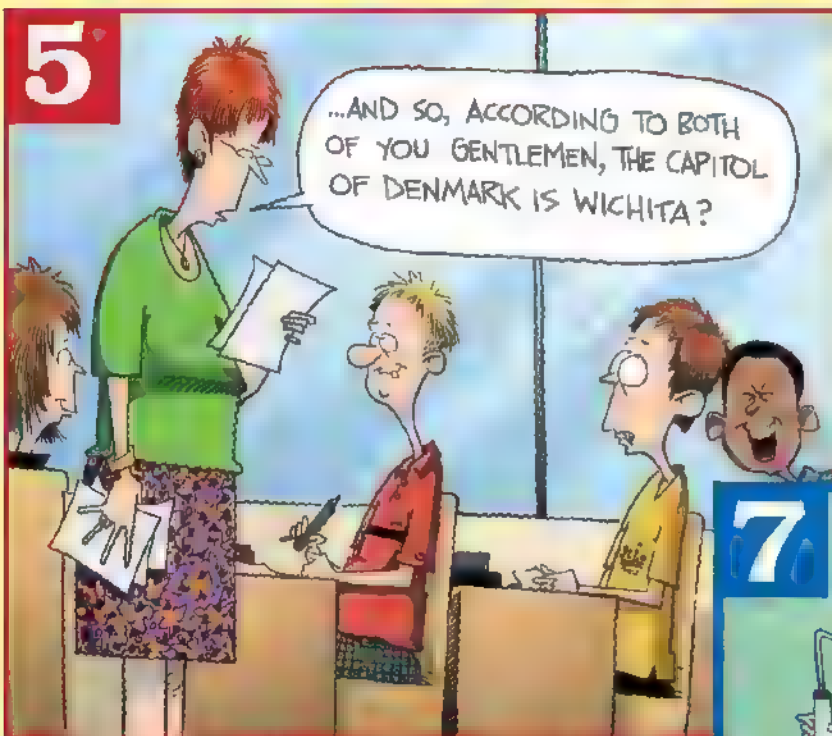
JOHN CALDWELL'S

13 THINGS

YOU REALLY LEARN IN



SUMMER SCHOOL



When it comes to copying answers on tests, the pickings can be quite slim.



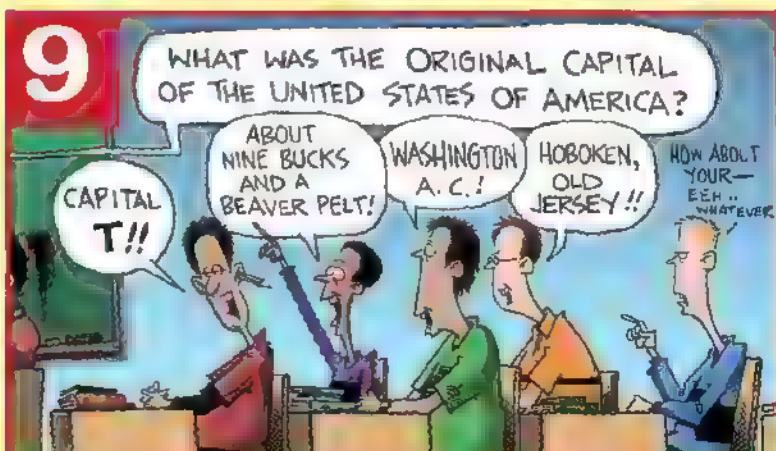
Nothing says "sumbuckin'" like a dork waiting for a school bus as a carload of his friends blows by on the way to the beach.



Unlike the rest of the year, breaking up into teams for a science project doesn't mean there'll be at least one smart kid there to help jack up your grades.

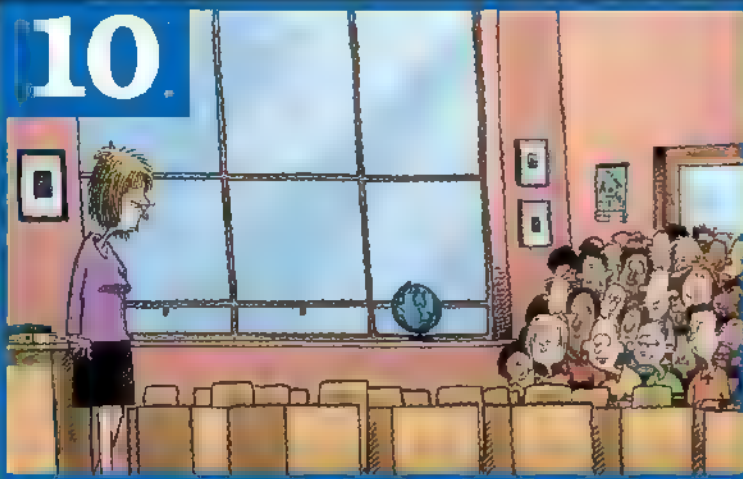


So-called "classic literature" written by dead English guys is just as difficult to get through during baseball season as it is in football season.



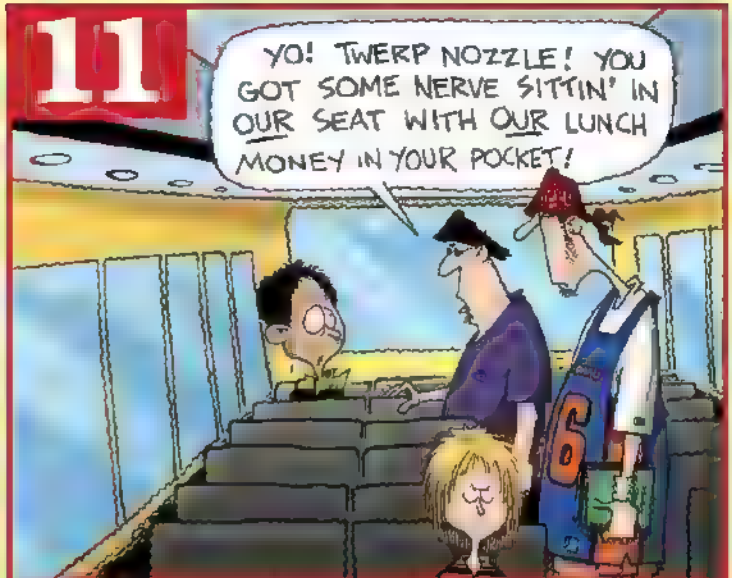
Trying to be the class clown in a roomful of other slacker jokesters is just not worth the effort.

10



Everybody wants to be in the line now.

11



YO! TWERP NOZZLE! YOU GOT SOME NERVE SITTING IN OUR SEAT WITH OUR LUNCH MONEY IN YOUR POCKET!

Fewer students on the bus means that it's harder to avoid bullies.

12



THE SOUP LOOKS GOOD. DON'T IT?

There's nothing lower in the culinary ladder than substitute summer lunch ladies.

13



UM... WOULD YOU LIKE UM... FRIES WITH THAT?

The upside of the whole thing is that it means one less mental and humiliating minimum wage summer job that you have to put in your resume.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #443, JUL 2004

ESSAY TOPICS: GUARANTEED TO LAND YOU IN SUMMER SCHOOL

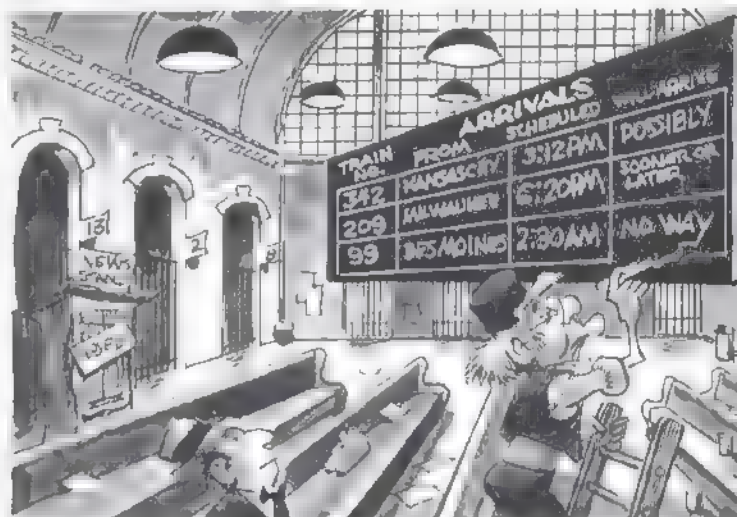
- RING AND RUN: A SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF DOORBELLS
- CAPS I HAVE WORN BACKWARDS (A SHOW AND TELL PROJECT)
- GROWING GYM SOCK FUNGUS: A FIELD GUIDE TO SUCCESS
- KLINGON GRAFFITI: AN UNRECOGNIZED CAREER OPPORTUNITY
- CHUGGING SLURPEES AND ITS EFFECT ONNNNNNN TTHHHHE BRAAAAINNNNN



During the past generation, America has acquired lots more people who have acquired lots more cars that they use to drive to lots more vacation spots like our National Parks. Meantime, the space set aside for National Parks has remained about the same. Small wonder that traffic through Yellowstone and Yosemite is now bumper-to-bumper, while the campsites are sleeping bag-to-sleeping bag. By coincidence, this country has developed a flock of new scenic wonders during the past generation that would easily fulfill our need for more National Parks. So why must we face more years of lousy vacations jammed into existing facilities when the Government can develop...

NEW NATIONAL PARKS FOR A GROWING AMERICA

AMTRAK MEMORIAL WAITING ROOM Chicago, Illinois



Dedicated to the thousands who died of starvation while waiting to make train connections here, this vast National Park encompasses 73 acres of hard wooden benches, plus two inadequate rest rooms. A visitors' gift shop is open at irregular times to offer warm cola drinks, last month's magazines and White Sox pennants made of imitation felt. Park Rangers on duty state that the most exciting time to visit the park is on Thursday morning when the Tuesday night train from Omaha sometimes arrives.

THE LAKE ERIE NATIONAL BEACH AND TRASH DUMP Cleveland, Ohio

This spacious Park Department facility provides the visitor from less scenic areas with a rare chance to view old inner tubes, broken bottles and rotting garbage in their natural habitat. Trained guides are on hand throughout the Summer months to conduct the Park's world famous "Dead Fish Walk" hourly. Beachfront campsites are available to visitors who can show proof of inoculation against typhoid, cholera and all the other fatal illnesses that are common to the area.



THE LAS VEGAS WILDLIFE REFUGE

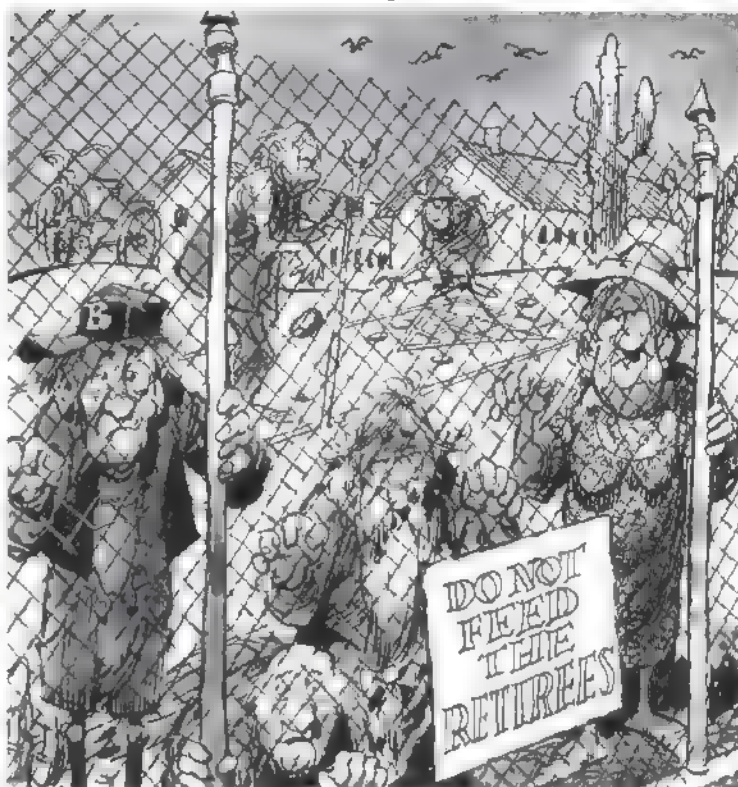
Las Vegas, Nevada



Preserved for observation within the Park grounds under spectacular neon lighting are such famous species as the bleached blonde floozy, the tennis shoed Grandmother and the coveted Saudi Arabian high roller. Campers will find 4,000 acres of asphalt parking areas throughout the Park that would be ideal for tenting if the local goons didn't threaten to break the kneecaps of tourists who refuse to rent expensive hotel rooms instead. Clean running water is available at several locations within the Park itself, even though no one has ever been known to drink the stuff.

THE SUN BELT SENIOR CITIZEN PRESERVE

Havasas City, Arizona



In this sanctuary extending over several square miles of parched desert floor, visitors can observe how old people behave when they are yanked out of their native habitats and plunked down in sunny retirement camps. Daily golf cart collisions are staged for the entertainment of tourists, as well as regular shuffleboard fights and bridge table brawls. Visitors over the age of 65 should obtain special "identification tags" from Park Headquarters to avoid being mistaken for residents, who are forcibly required to remain in the camps for life...and have fun!

SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL

OIL SLICK PRESERVE

Santa Barbara, California

Located just offshore in the otherwise blue Pacific, this large blob of gook rates as one of "The Seven Man-Made Wonders of the World." The Preserve is an ideal place for studying "Shore Birds," due to the fact that numerous species are stuck in the glop, and cannot fly away to avoid being studied. The Preserve area is presently reachable only by boat, but Park Rangers predict that the oil sludge will soon become thick enough to permit tourists to walk to the Park from beaches.

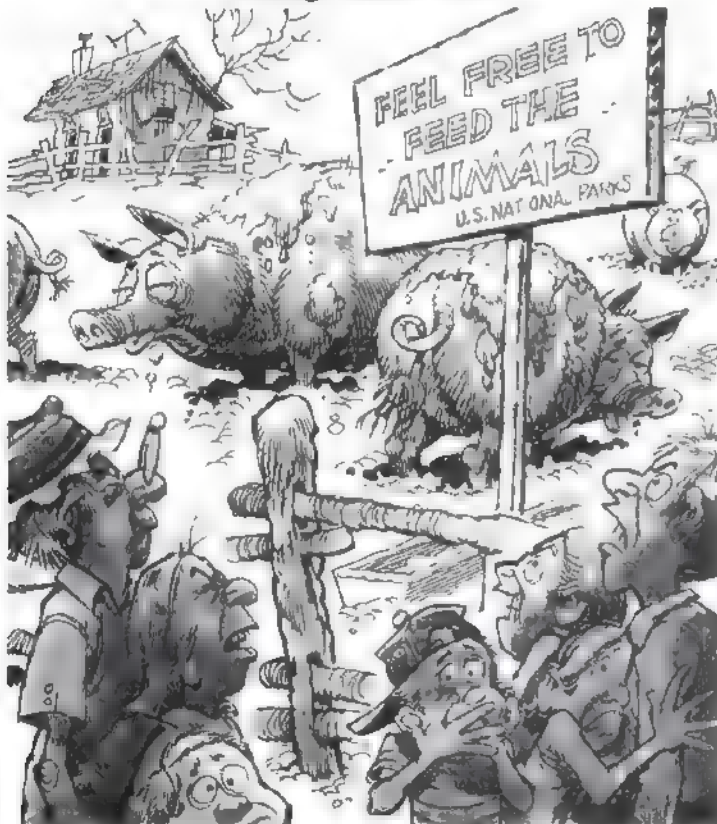


THE VALLEY GIRLS HISTORICAL CAMPSITE San Fernando, California

Through extensive use of the same garish trimmings that were used in construction of California shopping malls of the '70's, a natural habitat has been carefully restored for America's dwindling herd of "authentic Valley Girls." Colorful specimens can still be spotted at the Fast Food Joints and the other feeding grounds that dot the National Campsite area. Guides fluent in the Valley Girl language can be hired at nominal fees by tourists who wish to converse with the natives, but the Park Service warns that they may find such conversations to be grody to the max.



WITHERSPOON FARM NATIONAL PARK Falling Falls, Iowa



Conveniently located within an hour's drive of Cedar Rapids, this new public facility was formerly the 180-acre farm of Congressman Parnell Witherspoon. Though its large corn field and functional pig sty make it look much like other Iowa farms, this layout became a National Park after Mr. Witherspoon somehow pushed a bill through Congress that authorized purchase of it from him by the Government for three million dollars. The farmhouse features a unique indoor bathroom which desperate visitors may use by paying a nominal \$2 fee.

THE LOVE CANAL TOXIC CHEMICAL PARK. East Tonawanda, New York



Hundreds of square blocks of formerly-inhabited suburbia are now open to outdoorsmen who don't mind contracting a fatal illness while they camp in a poisonous climate. Lawyers and priests are on duty at the Park throughout the year to help visitors draw up their wills and receive their last rites. Regularly scheduled gondola tours down the canal are planned, just as soon as modern science can develop a gondola that can tolerate the local water without dissolving away.



PRO-JAFFEE-NATING DEPT.

This issue's phenomenally fun "Summer Bummer" cover by MAD maestro Sergio Aragonés was based on a rough concept by the inimitable UGO! Al Jaffee.

A few years ago, Al was kind enough (as always!) to send us a fat folder of cover ideas he'd come up with over the years. This was one of our favorites, and we asked Sergio to add his cartooning craziness to Al's snappy idea.

It has been wonderful to "reunite" these two MAD creative geniuses, who were longtime collaborators and great friends. We can't thank them enough for their decades' worth of hilarious outlooks on pretty much everything life slings at us.

MADly,
Suzy



ORIGINAL COVER CONCEPT SKETCH BY ARTIST AL JAFFEE

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WHAT HAS BECOME
THE MOST POPULAR
DESTINATION FOR
TRAVELERS TO
UNWIND?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

It seems like there's more options than ever before for vacation spots. While opinions may differ on what makes for a satisfying respite from the daily grind, there is one place that is a proven go-to for tourists around the world. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE LOUNGING ON A BEACH CHAIR
BY THE OCEAN. WARM WAVES SPLASHING THE SHORE.
SCRUFFY CHILDREN DIGGING IN THE SAND. A SEAGULL PREENS
AFTER A QUICK BITE. HEY WAIT—THAT'S OUR FOOD!

A

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

B

MAD



DEAR NORMAN ROCKWELL MUSEUM,
JUST A NOTE TO SAY THAT DUE TO THE
NATURE OF THE PAINT IN THIS KIT,
THIS MAD-STERPIECE WILL NOT BE DRY
UNTIL JUNE 28, 2032. MY SINCEREST
APOLOGIES FOR NOT BEING ABLE
TO PROVIDE IT IN TIME FOR
YOUR UPCOMING EXHIBIT.

LUV-

ALFRED E. NEUMAN

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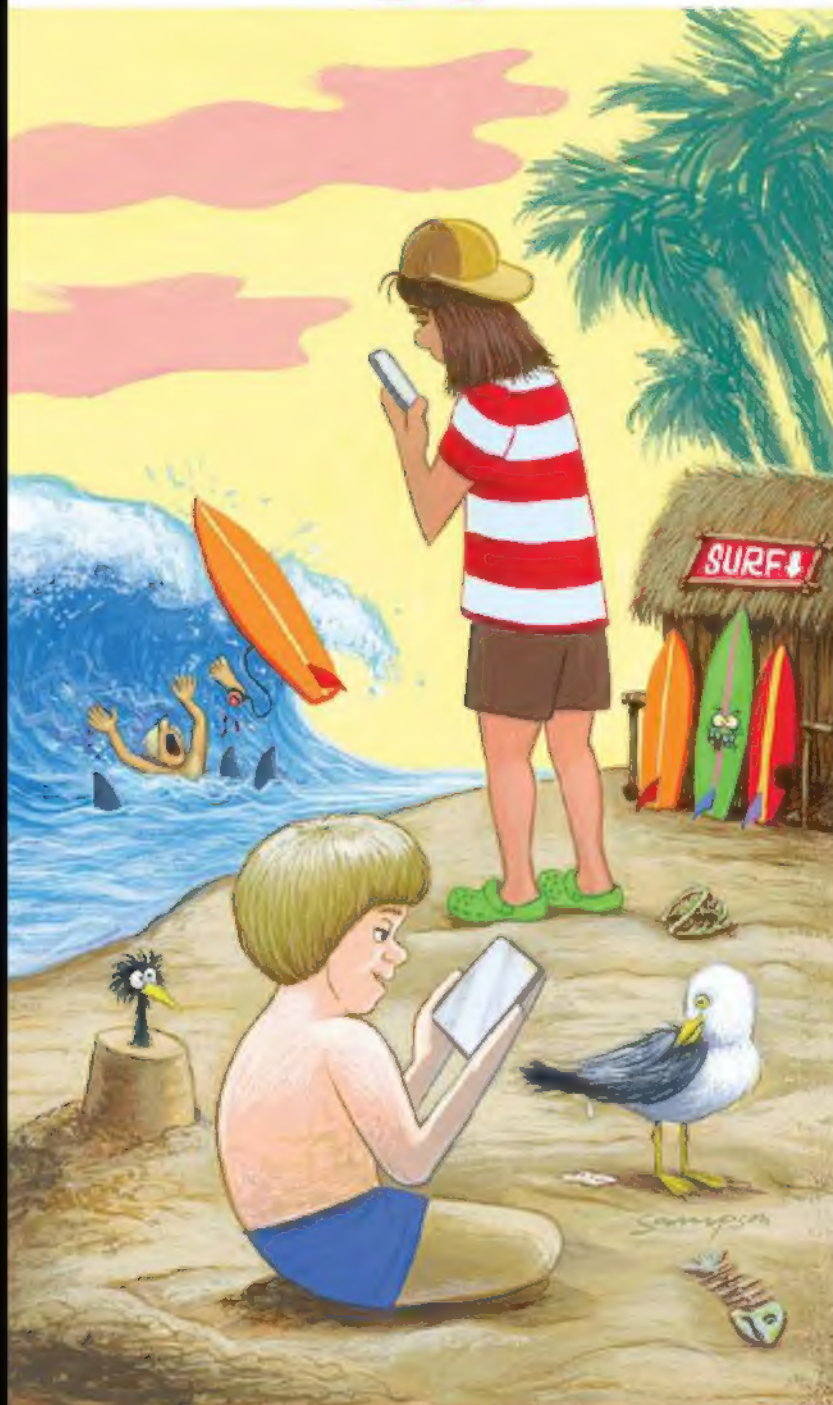
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WHAT HAS BECOME
THE MOST POPULAR
DESTINATION FOR
TRAVELERS TO
UNWIND?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



THEIR

SCREENS

A B